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CENTRAL SOUTH AFRICA AND ITS EXPLORERS.

WHILE, for the past fifty years, the exploration of the African Continent has been the great problem, which the geographers of all civilized nations have sought to solve, it is humiliating to be

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into the interior; accomplished geographers and daring explorers have encountered the perils of drought, flood, miasm, fierce wild beasts, and fiercer savages, in their efforts to lessen that vast area which is still



DAMARA GIRLS.

compelled to acknowledge how small a proportion the known regions bear to the unknown. The continent has been approached from all points, north, south, east, and west; lion-hunters and elephant-hunters have penetrated into those magnificent preserves of game, which are wholly unrivalled; traders in slaves, ivory, gold, palm-oil, cotton, and dates, have landed on its coasts, and endeavored to force their way

marked upon the maps as unknown; the missionary and the philanthropist, with the highest and noblest motives, have sought to bring light, intelligence, civilization, and Christianity, to illumine the darkened understandings of these children of the Sun; but while these efforts have not been wholly failures, and we have really made some progress in the work of reducing the boundaries of the unknown tracts

which, forty years ago, were believed to be uninhabitable deserts, still we can claim to know but little more than the coasts (and indeed not all of them), and a moderate distance into the interior, while beyond lie vast tracts never trodden by the foot of the white man.

This want of success is due mainly to two or three causes. Much of Africa is, at least for half the year, a waterless region; mountains, plains, and valleys, which, in the rainy season, bud and blossom with grasses, flowers, fruits, and thorny shrubs, are for the remainder of the year parched, dry, and dusty; the rivers are periodic, the lakes dry up, and leave a residuum of salt, and man and beast are alike tortured by thirst.

The presence of noxious insects and reptiles, whose bite or sting is fatal to all beasts of burden, and often also to man, has materially restricted exploration, and when it was attempted the luckless traveller has found himself helpless and far from aid, and has often perished by the way. During the rainy months, the fatal jungle or marsh fever, bred of the fervent heats and the rank moist vegetation, has proved a serious obstacle to the explorer; and many a brave and daring traveller has fallen a victim to it, while far from all friends, and unable to command the necessary medication, which alone gave any chance for the preservation of life.

The tribes of the interior, as well as some of those on the coast, are in many instances remarkable for their ferocity. A larger proportion of the African tribes are to-day cannibals than are to be found in all the rest of the globe.

Of those portions of the continent which have been explored, some have been traversed by a considerable number of independent travellers, whose observations have been made in a desultory way, without concert, and are often contradictory, and influenced by native reports, the most fallacious of all bases of knowledge.

It is in the hope of reconciling some of these conflicting statements, and of giving a brief *résumé* of what is known respecting a region which has suddenly come to be one of great importance, that we have attempted the preparation of this paper.

By Central South Africa, we mean that portion of the continent lying between the seventeenth and twenty-fifth degrees of south latitude. On the west coast it extends from the mouth of the Cunene River to Sandwich Bay, and, on the east coast, from the delta of the Zambeze to the newly-discovered mouth of the Limpopo near Inhampura.

It comprises the so-called Damara Land, the country of the Ova-Herero, the Ovambandieru, the Ovambo, the Hill tribes, and the Ovambundja; a portion of the Namaqua domain, the extensive region subject to Sekeletu, the Makololo chief, and the still wider territory of the crafty and warlike Mosilikatse, the chief of the Matabele. On the eastern coast, the Portuguese have the small trading-ports of Sofala and Inhambane, and have given these names to an undefined region extending back from the coast; but the Batonga, who occupy the territory near the shores of the Indian Ocean, own no allegiance except to Mosilikatse, who, however, sells a portion of his slaves to the Portuguese.

It was within the territory claimed by Mosilikatse, though by a somewhat doubtful title, that Carl Mauch, the German geologist and explorer, discovered, in 1867-'68, the three extensive gold-fields which are now attracting so much attention.

The greater portion of this extensive tract (five hundred and fifty miles in breadth, and somewhat more than thirteen hundred in length, or more than half the extent of the United States, east of the Mississippi), has been traversed by Europeans, some of it in several directions, only the eastern portion lying between the lower waters of the Zambeze and those of the Limpopo being unexplored; but the travellers have generally been elephant or lion hunters, or traders, and occasionally missionaries, of whom two or three have stations near the southern line of the tract, and six or seven have labored, for many years, in the southwestern district, among the Ova-Herero and Bechuanas.

With the exception of the great basin of Australia, and the Sahara Desert, there is probably no large portion of the earth's surface which suffers so much from drought as this region of Central South Africa. It is not a rainless region; for two or three months, the rain descends in torrents, the streams, rivers, marshes, and lakes are full, and vegetation is then profuse; but this rainy season is followed by intense, scorching heat, which dries up the rivers, lakes, and pools, and man and beast suffer the tortures of a consuming thirst. The cattle and the vast throngs of wild beasts wander from one river-bed, or *vley*, to another, or congregate where, a few months before, a broad lake

had spread over the savanna, or had partially filled an extensive valley; but now they find only hardened clay or glittering salt, with occasionally a pit-hole, where the shallow brackish water has been hopelessly fouled by the feet of the elephants, or the wallowing of the buffaloes. The grasses soon dry up and wither under the intense heat, which often reaches 116° Fahr. in the shade, and as often falls in the night to 40° or 45°; but the shrubs and trees, in which the cactus, the thorny acacias, and the baubinsias, predominate, are well adapted to the climate, and thrive when every thing else is scorched.

This, and the southern portion of the African Continent, are remarkable for the variety and formidable character of their thorn-trees. They are almost exclusively of the acacia family, and "their name is legion." The camel-thorn, the hack-thorn, the hooked-thorn, and the expressively-named wait-a-bit-thorn, with a score of others almost as formidable, occur in vast jungles over the whole territory. The mopané, a baubinsia, grows straight and tall, but selfishly folds its leaves in the noontide heat, and affords little or no shade. The omumborombonga, which is found in considerable abundance in the hilly regions of the west coast, in Ova-Herero-land and eastward nearly to Lake Ngami, is a large tree, and affords a tolerable shelter from the heat, and its iron-like wood is of considerable service, where tools can be found hard enough to cut it. The Ova-Herero pay a sort of homage or worship to this tree, believing it to be the parent of their race. The water-shed between the Zambeze and Limpopo, and that between the Cunene and Swagoup, in the west, seem to be also the boundaries between the tropical and sub-tropical flora and forest-trees of Africa. South of this elevated plateau are acacias, baubinsias, cacti, and fan-palms; north of it, fewer thorns, but more of the feathery, the cocoa, and the doum palm, the great creeping plants, and the exuberant vegetation of the tropics.

Yet even amid this formidable and apparently worthless vegetation, we find evidences of the thoughtful care of the Creator for His creatures. Several of the palms, and some of the bamboos, contain pure water in considerable quantities stored away in their trunks; and even the sand-hills of the west coast, seemingly the most desolate and forbidding of all dwelling-places for human beings, are covered after the rainy season with the delicious *nara*, a prickly gourd, or cucumber, whose harsh spines cover a rich and luscious pulp, and seeds which, when roasted, are equal in flavor and nutrition to the chestnut. Buried in these sand-heaps, too, are numerous bulbs, some resembling the onion in odor and nourishing qualities, others belonging to the yam family, while others still approximate to the *taro*, or bread-fruit of the Polynesian Islands. In the interior, wherever cultivation, be it ever so rude, is practised, the holcus, or millet, of several varieties, yields large returns, and the sweet sorghum as well as some of the taller grasses, furnish edible seeds, in addition to the saccharine juices of the stalks. Several of the hard-wood forest-trees, as well as some of the bamboos and shrubs, retain, for months during the dry season, the water which has found its way into their cavities during the rains, and thus furnish a moderate supply to the thirsty native tribes, and to some of the smaller animals.

The *nara* is an invaluable fruit to the inhabitants of the sandy regions along the west coast. Its pulp, when divested of the prickly skin, is juicy, sweet, and refreshing, and is not only eaten in its fresh state with great avidity by man and beast, but is made into a paste and dried, when it forms a much-prized article of food for many months. Its slender fibrous roots penetrate to a great depth through the sand, and always reach moisture.

In the interior, around Lake Ngami and farther east, several of the rushes have edible roots, some of them of very pleasant taste, and equal to the yam or the turnip in nutritious qualities. The hippopotamus and some of the water-bucks feed upon these.

Central South Africa, with all its drawbacks of climate, drought, thorns, and savage tribes, is the paradise of the sportsman and the naturalist. Nowhere can he find in such profusion the largest game for which the hunter seeks. The huge elephant of South Africa, often from eleven and a half to thirteen or even fourteen feet in height, having been driven by the progress of civilization, and the constant pursuit to which he was subjected, in the basin of the Orange River, to seek a new home, has taken up his abode in the jungles and thorn-protected vleys of this region. Harris, Green, Anderssen, and Chapman, could each boast of having slain a thousand or more of these noble animals, and the three latter, on more than one occasion, brought down ten or twelve each, in a single day. Lions, though not

as numerous, are quite sufficiently so to be a terror to the natives, and not unfrequently acquire that taste for human flesh which emboldens them to enter the Damara, Namaqua, or Makololo villages, and snatch up a victim, whom they quickly devour. The rhinoceros, of which the naturalists enumerate three or four species in this part of Africa, one or two white, and two black, differing in the number and curvature of their nasal horns, as well as in color, are also plentiful. The rhinoceros is a vicious brute, especially when wounded or pursued, and, though less formidable than he has been represented, is not a pleasant fellow to confront, unless the hunter has perfect confidence in his rifle, and his ability to penetrate the dense hide of the beast. The hippopotamus is found in considerable numbers in the Zambeze and Limpopo, as well as in Lake Ngami and its principal affluents, the Okovango, Cholee, and Tiouge. When irritated he is very destructive, and is much dreaded by the natives. In all these rivers the crocodile is his companion, and one by no means amiable in his disposition or habits.

The buffalo of South Africa, the most formidable and ferocious of his tribe, is also abundant in this region. With his great horns; his long, shaggy mane and foretop; his fierce, inflamed eyes, and his headlong gallop, he is not an agreeable customer to meet, especially when, at the head of a large herd, he is seeking for water, and already maddened with thirst. Like the African ox, he sniffs water at a long distance, and it must be a strong barrier that can resist the plunge of the infuriated herd as they rush toward it. A regiment of the best European cavalry, standing in their way, would go down in a moment before the headlong charge of a herd of buffalo-bulls in search of running water.

Less formidable, but very fleet of foot, are the wild equine or asinine tribes of animals, which are only found in large numbers in South Africa—the zebra (two species); the quagga, of two or three species, and the dauro, an intermediate link between the two. The quagga and the dauro are eaten with great relish by the South-African tribes, to whom, indeed, hardly any thing in the way of flesh comes amiss; but the hunters, who are somewhat more fastidious, speak of the flesh of both as being very palatable, though somewhat coarse-grained.

The gnu (the wildebeeste of the Boers), of which there are certainly three, and perhaps four, species, is found in great numbers from the east to the west coast. He seems to be a connecting link between the buffalo, the quagga, and the antelope, having the head and horns of the first, the body and movement of the second, and the delicate limbs and fleetness of the third. Though classed at first with the antelopes, the naturalists have finally made a special genus for him. His flesh is excellent, and in some parts of the region we are describing is the great dependence of the natives.

But it is in the variety and beauty of its antelopes that Central South Africa is most remarkable. No other country on the globe has half so many species. Chapman, one of the most careful observers among the South-African hunters, enumerates over twenty distinct species, four or five of them water-bucks, or accustomed to wade and swim in the great rivers of the country. Of the whole number the eland is the largest, weighing often over one thousand pounds. The hartebeest (*Antelope canna*) is almost as large, and both are susceptible of domestication. The koodoo, the springbok, the klipspringer, the kleinbok (a very delicate and beautiful little antelope), the blaubok, the reitbok, the pallah, and the gemsbok, are the species most abundant, and all of them are swift of foot and of very delicate habit. The camelopard, or giraffe, is found in considerable numbers in the elevated plateau extending from the country of the Hill Damaras to the vicinity of Lake Ngami, and is often hunted by the daring adventurers who traverse that country for ivory. There are also leopards, panthers, wild-boars of great size and ferocity, wolves more mischievous and destructive than formidable, hyenas of large size, jackals, and great numbers of half-wild dogs, a sort of cross between the wolf and the hyena, and retaining the characteristics of both. Of birds, there are great numbers of ostriches, and the hunting of them and their nests, for the plumes and the eggs, is a favorite sport of the Damaras and Bushmen. Success in this hunt is attained rather by skill and tact than by speed. The Bushman disguises himself in an ostrich-skin, whitens his legs, and, adroitly manipulating his disguise, makes his way among the flock, and, when in a favorable position, lets fly an arrow and kills one of the flock. The fall of one of their number surprises the rest, but, as they cannot discover the cause of his death,

they do not run, and the Bushman often succeeds in killing a half-dozen before they become alarmed. The adjutant, the secretary-bird, the king-vulture, and the eagle, are among the principal birds of prey. Of gallinaceous birds, there are the guinea-hen, and three or four other species of grouse, partridges, geese of great size, ducks, teal, snipe, etc., and on the coast penguins, gannets, auks, and other marine birds, which have made the islands of that vicinity their homes, in immense numbers, for centuries. Sharks abound at the mouths of the rivers, which, as well as the lakes, are pretty well stocked with fish.

The reptiles are numerous and formidable. We have already spoken of the crocodiles; huge pythons, cobras (the *naja* of Hindostan), puff-adders, and other venomous ophidians, are also abundant.

The lizard tribe, and batrachians of all sorts, are well represented. Scorpions, centipedes, thirty or forty kinds of spiders, some of them intensely poisonous, hornets of great size and formidable sting, numerous species of wasps, and, in extensive districts of the eastern portion of the continent, the tsetse-fly, so destructive to cattle and horses, gnats, and mosquitoes of most malicious nature, the tick-insect, the great termites, or white ants, black ants, and a large blistering fly, are a few of the insect pests of this country.

It would hardly seem that there were sufficient attractions about such a region to secure a large population, or that men of refinement and high intellectual culture, after a year or two of experience of the annoyances, sufferings, and privations, which are inevitable to the traveller there, would become so fascinated with the country as to return to it again and again, and finally make it their home. Yet, this, inexplicable as it may seem, has been the effect produced on a number of accomplished and refined Englishmen. We can understand and admire the heroic and self-sacrificing disposition which may lead a missionary, for the love of the souls of the heathen, to give up all the comforts of civilization, and settle in such a country, and among a people with whom any considerable association is impossible, in the hope of doing good to those who are so degraded and barbarous; but that, for the love of the chase, from the enthusiasm of the explorer, or from the hope of gain, a man should thus exile himself from all that makes life desirable, seems incomprehensible. But, before speaking of the explorers of this region, let us describe briefly the native tribes who inhabit it, for some portions of it are, when the character of the country is considered, quite populous.

These tribes, except the Namaquas, found on the southern border and in the southwest portion, and the Bushmen, who are the dependants of the Ovambo and Bechuanas, are all of the Kafir, or, as Wood calls them, the Zingian family. That this family is a distinct race, as much so as the Malay, the Mongolian, or the American Indian, is becoming more certain with each new discovery in relation to the language, features, habits, customs, and religious notions, of the several tribes belonging to it.

The Zingian is generally of good height, often six feet or more, his features are nearer to the Caucasian than the Negro, though the lips are somewhat thick; the nose is well formed, the cheek-bones not high, nor the face particularly broad. The hair is crisp and curly, but not woolly; the feet and hands, as well as the limbs, shapely. Their color is an iron-bronze, exhibiting a marked difference from the glossy satin-like blackness of the negro.

The youth of both sexes are finely formed, and often, despite their color, possess a certain statuesque beauty. This is especially the case with the young girls of the tribes, who are really often graceful and attractive. Their beauty soon fades, however, and, amid the hardships of savage life, the sylph of fifteen degenerates into the hag at thirty. There are, of course, differences of character, of habits, of cleanliness, of modesty, of intelligence, of courage, of dialect, and of religious usages and traditions, among the different tribes, just as there are national differences in some of these particulars between the English, the Dutch, the Germans, and the Danes, or other Scandinavian nations. The Matabele or Amatabele, the people who acknowledge Mosilikatse as lord-paramount, are more courageous, resolute, and cruel, than the tribes farther west. They are said to be more truthful, and not such inveterate beggars. The Batonga, or Batuka, another of the tribes occupying the eastern portion of the territory, are more intelligent, industrious, and well-disposed, than the other tribes. The Makalolo, with whom Dr. Livingstone has made us familiar, are a crafty, deceitful tribe, great beggars, ready to promise any thing, but utterly careless respecting the performance of their promises; less courageous than the Matabele, they are more greedy

and rapacious. They are the subjects of Sekeletu, a daring and unprincipled leader, who commenced his career as a ruler, by the slaughter of most of his relatives. West of these, we find a smaller tribe, the Bakoba, or Bayeiye, of greater intelligence and manliness than their Makololo neighbors, and whose chief, Lechulathebe, though nominally subject to Sekeletu, is really, in most matters, independent.

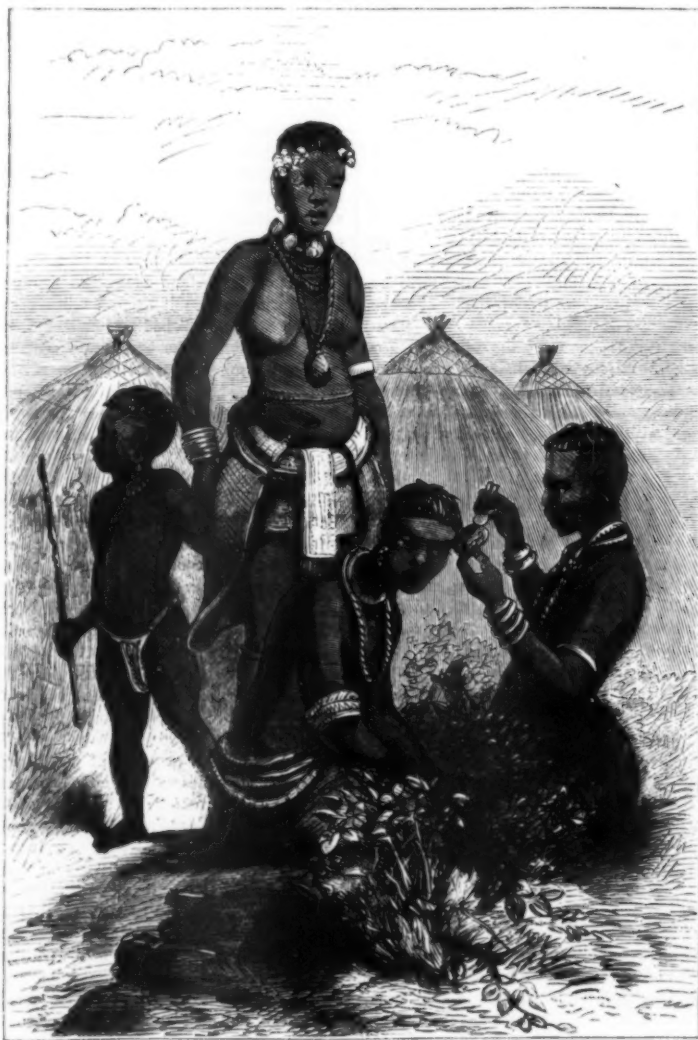
All these tribes are known to travellers by the general name of Bechuanaas, and all speak, with but slight modification, the Sechuana language, a dialect of the Kaffir, or Zingian. Still farther west, and beyond Lake Ngami, are several tribes, differing from each other and from the Bechuana tribes in habits, manners, and mode of life, yet speaking allied dialects, and so far resembling them in form, features, and general character, that they must have sprung originally from the same stock. Of these, three tribes are specially noticeable, the others being offshoots from them; these are the Ovambo, the Ova-Herero, or Damaras, and the Ihaukoin, Ovambautieru, or Hill Damaras.

The Ovambo are a finely-formed, erect, and warlike tribe, of considerable intelligence, a pastoral and hunting people, who possess large herds of cattle and sheep, and wage incessant warfare with the wild beasts, which abound in the plateaus and ravines of their country. They have a capital, Ondonga, a somewhat populous village, though wretchedly built, the houses being of bamboo or reeds, wattled with clay, and with a conical thatch of rushes. Their king, Nau-goro, is said to be the only corpulent man in the country, and he is a mountain of flesh. Anderssen and Galton thought him a stupid, greasy, and somewhat malicious savage; but he seems to have been, after all, intelligent enough to be crafty, and possesses more power and a wider sway than any other chief of this part of Africa, except Sekeletu and Mosilikatse. He professed friendship for the European travellers, but afterward sought to destroy them and the missionaries by a sudden surprise and assault. He was baffled in this attempt, and his warriors driven back with heavy loss. It is possible that he was prompted to this outrage by a subordinate chief, for he subsequently treated the missionaries and Anderssen, Green, and Chapman, with kindness.

The Ovambo have many excellent traits of character. They are very respectful and tender to the aged and infirm, differing in this respect from the Damaras and the Bechuanaas, who neglect the old people and the sick, and, indeed, often hasten their death. They are honest, though, like most of the Zingian tribes, they are great beggars. They are industrious, both men and women laboring assiduously and patiently. The women are chaste, and, in their way, modest, affording in this respect a marked contrast to the Namaquas and other Hottentot tribes, whose country is adjacent to theirs. Polygamy is practised, though for the most part only by the chiefs, the cost of each

additional wife being very great. Still, the Ovambo, as well as all the other tribes of this region, regard polygamy as one of their reserved rights, to be called into active exercise whenever they can afford it. Chapman tells us that Rev. Mr. Hahn, a very earnest and devoted missionary among these people, after many years' labor among the Damaras, whose practice on this point is the same as that of the Ovambo, at last thought he had made a convert—a young Damara who had but a single wife, and whose serious and consistent conduct had inspired the missionary with high hopes. He had questioned him in regard to his religious views, and received very satisfactory replies. At last Mr. Hahn bethought him to propose the crucial question, "Are you willing to give up the prospect of taking one or more additional wives, for the sake of pleasing God?" The Damara replied, very seriously, that he was willing to make great sacrifices to please God, and he thought he had manifested a disposition to do so;

but that was a sacrifice he could not make, and he did not think God had any right to require it of him. The Ova-Herero, or Damaras, twenty or five-and-twenty years since, were, in almost all respects, the most prosperous and civilized tribe in all the southern portion of the African Continent. Enterprising and industrious, they possessed immense herds of cattle, which they pastured on the lofty plains and among the valleys and ravines of Herero-Land; they cultivated the soil in a rude way, but obtained very respectable crops of millet, sorghum, barley, pumpkins, and bulbous vegetables; they smelted iron, and manifested considerable skill in the manufacture of agricultural



BECHUANAS.

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and hunting implements; they were adroit, also, in some of the domestic industries; from the skins of the antelopes and the giraffe (which they tanned skillfully), and the tails of some of the smaller animals, they made *kārosses* or skin-garments of great beauty; and from the feathers of the ostrich and other birds they wove graceful head-dresses. Dress, in that country and climate, is scanty at best; but the Damaras were, for their time and nation, well clothed. Good roads traversed their country, and their government and regulations gave indications of a mastery of the principles of political economy, which would have done credit to a more civilized nation. They were honest and trusty, and hunters and traders who entered their country to trade, or to hunt elephants, found little difficulty, if they were of reputable character, in procuring some wealthy Damara to become their bondsman or friend (*omaru*), who, in accordance with their laws, would stand as surety for them, guaranteeing that they would not leave the country without paying all their debts.

The religion of the Ova-Herero was not an idolatry nor fetichism. They recognized a Supreme Being, of benevolent character and great power, whom, however, it was possible to offend; and their code of morality, if short, was comprehensive: it included reverence to God; worship offered to Him through His symbols, the fire and the sun; the preservation of the sacred fire perpetually (not an easy or pleasant matter in that torrid climate) under the charge of a vestal virgin, usually the eldest daughter of the chief; honesty, chastity, and kindness toward our fellow-men. There were points in which this creed was defective, but it was a great advance on the religion of most of the African tribes.

The past twenty years have witnessed the ruin of all this fair fabric of national prosperity, and affords another proof, of which we find so many in Africa, that the progress of most of the barbarous and semi-civilized nations, instead of being, as Darwin and his followers assert, from the lowest plane to a higher one, is ever from a comparatively high plane to a lower one, and that, whether they belong to one race or another, the degeneration is very rapid, and a subsequent return to their former condition difficult, if not impossible.

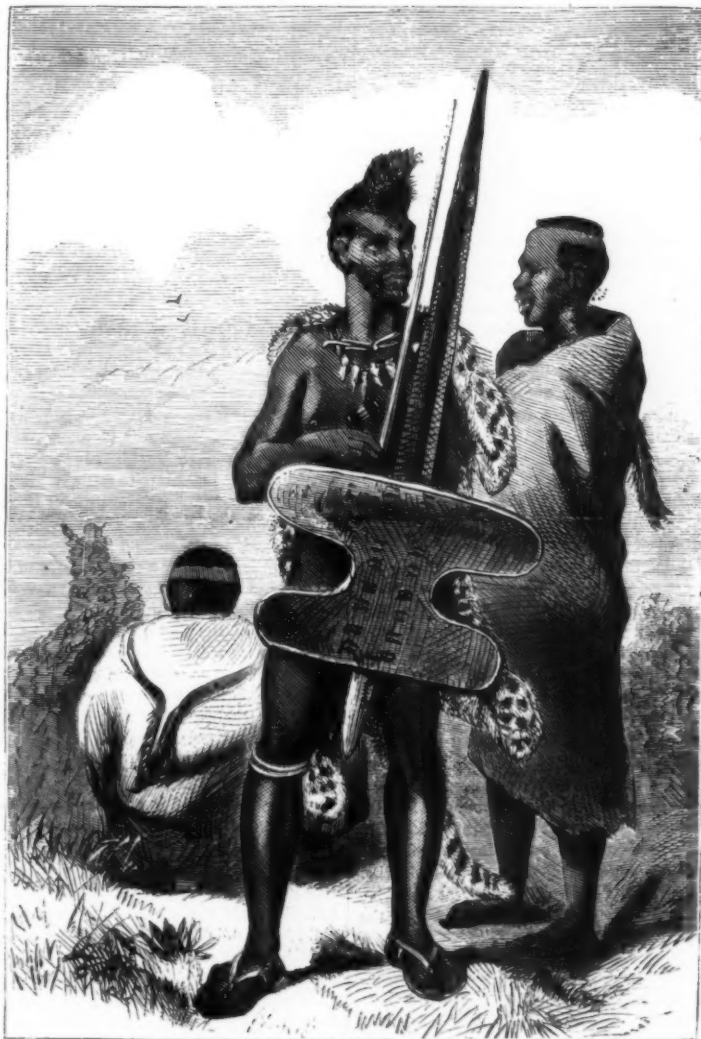
The Namaquas, a Hottentot tribe hitherto regarded as cowardly and debased, under the lead of Jonker Africaner, a robber chief of considerable force of character, made an incursion, about 1850, into the southern border of the Ova-Herero territory, and plundered from the peaceful inhabitants a considerable number of cattle. Encouraged by his success, Jonker Africaner continued his forays, in which he has been joined by some other chiefs, till he has overrun the entire territory of the Ova-Herero and reduced them to a condition of poverty and wretchedness. Had they possessed any competent leaders, they might easily have repelled these assaults, for the Namaquas are

cowardly and easily repulsed, but they were a peaceful people, and submitted almost without resistance to the despoliation of the invaders. The Ihaukoin, or Hill Damaras, on whom the Namaquas next attempted a raid, though usually reckoned more timid than their neighbors, the Ova-Herero, yet fought the Namaquas with such fierceness, that they fled back to their own country, and have never since renewed their attempt. The Ovambo also resisted them successfully.

Since this wholesale desolation of their country, the Ova-Herero have maintained a precarious existence, by hunting the wild beasts of their mountainous districts, and, at the seasons when they cannot kill these, they live on the bulbs, roots of rushes, etc., which they eat raw. They are almost constantly in a famishing condition, and hundreds of them will follow the hunter, begging, in the most abject manner, for food; and, when an elephant, rhinoceros, giraffe, buffalo, or eland;

is shot, they are so ravenous, that it is with difficulty that the hunter can obtain a single steak or roasting-piece for himself, the hungry wretches fighting for every morsel, and eating the blood, intestines, etc., in a nearly raw state, and even roasting and gnawing the skin of the animal.

Their ambition, pride, and love of ornament, have all disappeared, and, with them, their really high intellectual qualities. They are content with the merest rags, of whatever texture they may be, to hide their nakedness; and some of them even live in a state of perfect nudity. Their religious system, which seems to have looked back-



THE OVAMBO.

ward to a Parsee origin, has gone to wreck with their prosperity, and now both Chapman and the missionaries say they are averse to any mention of God, and, if they worship any thing, it is the Omumbo-rombonga, or ironwood-tree, from which they claim that they descended. The gratification of the mere animal instincts of hunger and thirst seems to absorb their whole thoughts and intellect. The language shows conclusively that they were at one time an intellectual and philosophical race. Its numerous prefixes; its nice shades of meaning, different words or prefixes being used to indicate distinctions, of which a savage nation would have been incapable; and its alliterative character, rendering it one of the most mellifluous and poetic of dialects—all give evidence of a former high condition of civilization, and to this agrees the testimony of the missionaries who knew them nearly thirty years ago.

Such a degeneration, occurring in so short a period, seems very sad; but it throws light on the history of many of the savage tribes on this continent and elsewhere, and shows how speedy may have been the fall from the comparatively high culture of the race inhabiting Mexico in the sixteenth century to the stupid and unintellectual life of the Pueblo Indian, or the deep degradation of the Digger Indians of the Great Salt Lake Basin.

All the Zingian dialects are flowing and mellifluous; the vowel and liquid sounds predominate; and the "click," which is so marked a characteristic of all the Hottentot languages, is entirely wanting. The Sechuana, which is spoken almost over the whole breadth of the continent, is distinguished, like the Ovambo and Ova-Herero, for its numerous prefixes, which are mostly pronominal in signification, and for the minuteness of its distinctions of sex, color, descent, form, size, etc., as well as for an unusual number of abstract and metaphysical terms, for a people no higher in civilization than they now are. The present condition of the people is due, probably, in part to the protracted droughts from which they so often suffer; the great number of beasts of prey; the prevalence of the tsetse-fly in some districts, which renders the rearing of cattle impossible; and a destructive murrain, which has, within a few years, destroyed the larger part of the cattle and horses in the districts not subject to the "fly;" and, more than all else, to the existence and prevalence of slavery in the eastern part of the continent. The Portuguese slave-traders have made large offers of goods suited to savage tastes to the Matabele, to induce them to bring them coffles of slaves. These people, who were not naturally warlike, having found in the traffic in slaves the means of restoring and increasing their wealth, have entered into it with great zeal, and are not only making war upon the more peaceful nations around them, to procure slaves, but are largely selling their own children into slavery. The movements of this formidable tribe, always ready for predatory incursions in the east, have demoralized the other nations across the continent. At the slightest alarm, the Makololo, the Batonga, the Batuka, and the other Bechuana tribes, will leave their homes, and fly to the woods with the despairing cry, "The Matabele are coming—are coming to make slaves of us!" Of effectual resistance they seem to have no idea. Such a condition of affairs renders any successful cultivation of the soil or care of herds and flocks impossible; and it is a great and good work in which Dr. Livingstone has sought to interest the government of Great Britain—that of breaking up the slave-traffic, internal as well as foreign, on the east coast.

L. P. BROCKETT.

DAISY'S TRIALS.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER V.

It seemed to Daisy that Myrrha grew lovelier every day. Daisy would sit and watch her till the girl would look up from book or drawing to ask, "What is it, Aunt Daisy?"

"It is that you are so lovely, Myrrha, and that I wish, I wish I could be sure you are even half as good and true as you are lovely."

Flattered by this admiration, Myrrha answered affectionately:

"At any rate, auntie, I hope I'm not, as times go, and girls, very bad."

It did not seem to Daisy possible but that this loveliness should exercise at least as strong a fascination over Mr. Stewart as it did over her. Mr. Stewart was quite ready to admit it would be difficult to find a fairer creature than the girl who rode beside him. The soft

spring wind, and the exercise in which she delighted, brought an ethereal bloom upon her young face, made her gleesome eyes shine crystal clear, gave her fresh lips a more vivid red, and lent even her hair a brighter gloss, so that the netted-up mass looked like imprisoned sunshine.

Those rides together had come to be an all-but daily institution. It was long now since Myrrha had been spoken of between Mr. Stewart and Daisy. Mr. Stewart had left off talking of the probability that "business" might call him away.

It was toward the end of June that Myrrha went, prettily and appropriately, through the farce of "discovering" (what she had some time known) that Mr. Stewart and the owner of Redcombe were one and the same person. About this time Mr. Stewart announced to her that the owner of Redcombe, having heard of a strange and lovely princess in the neighborhood, who had a passion for croquet, and for garden-parties, had determined, on a certain day, to give a *fête* in honor of the fair unknown, and had had a croquet-lawn, pronounced by competent judges to be admirable, prepared for the occasion. Myrrha at this lifted to Mr. Stewart a face so radiant with surprise and delight, that Mr. Stewart felt something of pleased tenderness toward such frankly-shown pleasure.

"The owner of Redcombe is a friend of yours, then, Mr. Stewart? And you've been telling him about me. How very, very kind you are to me! I don't know what I won't do for you! I've suspected something of this, do you know, Mr. Stewart? He must be a very dear friend, for I've learned that our horses come from his stables, and—"

"You're quite wrong, Myrrha, as to his being a very dear friend. On the contrary, he's my worst enemy."

Myrrha looked him in the face long and scrutinizingly.

"I know what you mean!" she then cried, delightedly. "A man is said to be his own worst enemy. You are the owner of Redcombe. Oh, Mr. Stewart, if I loved (I mean liked) you before, shan't I love you ten times over now!" All this said with sparkling eyes and eager lips, that looked quite ready to kiss him, if only he would bend toward them. "And you are going to give this *fête* for me? You are kind—"

"I give it to amuse your Aunt Daisy's visitor!"

"That is meant for a snub, but I won't take it as such. I know every thing will be delightful! I know I shall enjoy myself as I've never done in my life before."

And when the day came it proved to be one of Myrrha's golden days—till toward its close, when it clouded over. All through the day Mr. Stewart so distinguished her that it must have been evident to all eyes that she was the queen of the *fête*. She more than once heard herself pointed out as the young lady Mr. Stewart was soon to marry; for, of course, their constant riding together had set such rumors afloat. Then, again, every thing was admirably managed; she found golden traces of wealth everywhere, and Redcombe manor-house far surpassed her expectations. She was delighted with every thing, and showed her delight with the most complete abandon. What she had said to Mr. Stewart, "That if she had loved him before, as the owner of Redcombe she loved him ten times over," seemed true in the very simplicity of truthfulness. She tried to be composed and dignified; she wished Mr. Stewart to feel that it was no mere child he was distinguishing, but a woman quite capable of well playing the part of mistress of Redcombe Manor on some similar future occasion.

Against her will, however, the croquet-lawn attracted her; although Mr. Stewart did not play croquet, she lost herself in the game, as legitimate part of which she considered light flirtation with all the men engaged in it. She received delicious homage, and, for the first time since she came into the neighborhood, felt herself appreciated. Every other girl, cast into the shade, turned sullen, and every man seemed ready to fall upon his knees. For a brief while she forgot her wisdom, and turned aside from the serious ambitions of life. The beauty of the day, the gayety of the scene, the consciousness of her own preëminent loveliness, the almost as delicious consciousness of the exquisite perfection of her dress, intoxicated the nineteen-years-old creature. By-and-by, after an hour or so, and when this sort of wholesale flirtation was growing fast and furious, Myrrha suddenly came to her more sober self, seeing Mr. Stewart, sitting by Daisy, watching her amusedly.

"This is all very pleasant, but it won't pay now, it can come

after," was the substance of Myrrha's reflections. As soon as she could, and not too ceremoniously, using her spoilt-beauty air, she disengaged herself from the players, and joined her Aunt Daisy and Mr. Stewart.

"Will you please take me somewhere to have a cup of tea?" she asked Mr. Stewart. "I'm so tired and so thirsty!"

"Won't you come too?" Mr. Stewart asked Daisy, as he rose, and offered Myrrha his arm; but Daisy, who was talking to an old lady who had just joined her, did not hear the question.

"I'm sorry you're tired already, fair frivolity!" Mr. Stewart said. "The day is not half over."

"I only mean tired of croquet. It's a stupid game; but, somehow, one gets excited over it."

"So it seems."

"Why did you call me 'fair frivolity'?" You shall not call me such an ugly name!"

"Ugly!" I defy any one to call you any thing ugly. We were saying just now—your Aunt Daisy and I—that we had never seen a more lovely or a more happy-looking creature."

"Well, Mr. Stewart, I am happy to-day. I do enjoy myself. It is all so beautiful, and the thought that you planned it all for me, is certainly not the least cause of my happiness."

"For your Aunt Daisy's guest," corrected Mr. Stewart.

Myrrha made a grimace.

"You won't be so cruel as to try to spoil all my happiness," she said. "You will spoil it all if you call me frivolous."

"I will call you only fair, then."

"The fact is," continued Myrrha, "I am so happy to-day that I want to be still happier."

"Insatiable human nature. Let us hope that, as you are beginning to be tired, the cup of tea, of which we are in pursuit, will, by refreshing you, increase and prolong your happiness."

"I won't be shut up in that way, Mr. Stewart," said Myrrha, pouting, and giving the arm her hand was on a sharp pinch. "A cup of tea is a good thing, and I shall be glad to have it, but I want more than that. I want to know, just really and truly, that you don't dislike, or altogether despise, me."

"My dear young lady! your thoughts and your words are wild! Dislike you! Despise you! Why should I, how could I, do either? I dislike you, and despise you, as much as I should dislike and despise some lovely flower because it did not happen to be my favorite among all flowers."

Poor Myrrha paused. She was quick enough to feel to the full all that was hidden in this answer.

"Have you a favorite flower, Mr. Stewart?" she asked, after that pause.

"The flower that was Chaucer's worship is mine."

Myrrha's "Ah!" was so significant and intelligent, that he felt sure she was in the dark as to what he meant.

"You remember, no doubt," he went on, "Chaucer's account of how he used to rise early, and go far, to see the first sunbeams fall on his favorite, and of how he would spend a day content lying on the grass encircling his flower with his arms?"

A thrill in Mr. Stewart's voice perplexed Myrrha; she looked up into his face, and saw a strange light there.

With a vague recollection of having heard of Chaucer's Romaunt of the Rose, Myrrha said, after a few seconds of reflection: "Now I shall know of whom to feel jealous. I shall look out for your rose."

"The rose is such a universal favorite, Myrrha! Would you have thought me the man to worship at the shrine at which all offer homage?"

"I don't know that I understand you to-day. Tell me what flower you would give me as my emblem?"

"Let me see!" He looked at her investigatively. "If you will come to the conservatory, I will show you a new geranium, the 'bride!' to which it seems to me, you, in that delicate dress, bear a wonderful resemblance."

"Well," said Myrrha, after looking at the flower, "it's pretty enough, but it has no sweetness; and—do you care for geraniums, Mr. Stewart?" looking up into his face wistfully.

"Care for" is one of those indefinite feminine expressions a man doesn't exactly appreciate. I admire the 'bride.' Who could help admiring such an exquisite creature?"

Then they passed from the conservatory into a room where a stately elderly lady, his housekeeper, was dispensing tea.

"This is a charming room!" exclaimed Myrrha. "Just a little lightening up, and it would make the most delightful ladies' morning-room."

"When the 'bride' comes to Redcombe, if, indeed, she ever comes, she will make many alterations, doubtless. I leave the whole place alone till she issues her commands."

Myrrha looked at Mr. Stewart, then looked down; she wished to blush, but her delicate complexion was not of the blushing sort.

Other people came and went, and Myrrha kept Mr. Stewart at her side, engaging her in a half-sentimental war of words, speaking low, so that he might need to bend down to hear her, conscious that elderly ladies watched them curiously, and young ladies watched them enviously; leaning back in that "delicious" chair, Myrrha was lazily happy. The eyes raised to Mr. Stewart's had a soft languor in them which rather startled him; he did not believe in much real softness in Myrrha; he had judged her nature to be rather cold and hard, and, as it were, thin; yet, perhaps, he was mildly flattered at the marked preference of a creature so young and so lovely. "Marked preference for Redcombe over any other home of which she has believed she had the chance," Mr. Stewart inwardly commented. But perhaps the cynicism of the comment was somewhat forced.

Myrrha kept her position, and so kept Mr. Stewart beside her till she fancied she saw signs of restlessness and of wandering attention; then she said:

"Mr. Stewart, don't you think poor dear Aunt Daisy will feel neglected if we don't go and look for her?"

This "poor dear Aunt Daisy" annoyed Mr. Stewart. "I have, for some time, been wishing to rejoin her," he answered.

"I do think you are the most terribly ungallant man I ever met. To punish you for that atrocious speech, you must, before we leave the house, show me the library. Ah! Mr. Stewart, this is a grand room," she said, looking round it with eyes that, for a moment, seemed reverent. "If I might come and read here," she said, coaxingly; "if you would tell me what books to read, and what I ought to think about them! If you would teach me a little! If you would spare me just one hour every day for a reading-lesson! Why do you shake your head?"

"Too dangerous a position for me to play school-master to so pretty a pupil."

"I wish I were not pretty, then, Mr. Stewart."

"Excuse me for saying, I doubt the sincerity of that wish."

"I don't much care about being only pretty. I should like to be beautiful."

"Beautiful in the way your Aunt Daisy is, for instance? But it needs a great deal, to gain that sort of beauty."

"I suppose you are jesting, Mr. Stewart; but it is not pretty of you to laugh at poor Aunt Daisy."

"Miss Brown, you know better than to suppose I am jesting. I say, your Aunt Daisy is beautiful."

"Then, if that is beauty," said Myrrha, losing her temper all at once, "to look old and worn, to have irregular features, and no complexion to speak of, I retract my wish to be beautiful. But, either you are jesting, or you are most extraordinarily infatuated."

"It is certainly not a subject on which I should choose to jest. I am quite willing to grant that you are far prettier than your aunt. Your features are not irregular, you have a complexion to speak of, you are in the first fresh bloom of youth; but I maintain that your Aunt Daisy has a higher kind of beauty."

Myrrha paused before speaking, then she said: "I know I have made you angry, because you call me Miss Brown. I am more sorry than I can say. You had been so kind to me. And now my happy day is spoilt. But, I can't help saying, it is very extraordinary, Mr. Stewart, that you should be so deluded about Aunt Daisy. Your admiration of her character perplexes me. I have the feeling that some day you will know her better, and see her differently, and then—"

"Miss Brown, pause in time. You are wise; don't let your feelings carry you so far that you say what I could never forgive."

Myrrha took his advice; she did pause—they were just then walking down a shady and solitary beech-glade. She took her hand from his arm, and, leaning a moment against a beech-trunk, indulged in a short, a very short, storm of tears. Mr. Stewart merely waited. In

a few minutes she passed her embroidered handkerchief lightly over her face, then looked up into Mr. Stewart's.

"Does it show? Are my eyes red? Do I look as if I had been crying?"

"Not in the least."

"Now, Mr. Stewart, I am not going to move from here, till you forgive me and call me Myrrha again. I don't think I am much more to blame than you are. You don't know how you hurt me. You are always showing me how frivolous and empty you think me—how you despise me. You never seem to believe in me, if I show any desire to be different; if I own how I long to have some one, strong and true, and on whom I could rely to help me, you ridicule me. You have been very, very cruel to me, just, I suppose, because I have shown frankly how I like you, how I desire your kindness. This was such a happy day, because you seemed to like me to-day; and now it's all turned to bitterness, and I'm very unhappy." Her eyes were full of tears, and her voice was ominously excited. "No, I won't, won't, won't move, till you call me Myrrha, and say something kind to me!"

"We will talk of all this some other time, Myrrha. Come, take my arm again. Forgive you? Yes, I forgive you—and you must forgive me, if you have any thing to forgive, and, if what you say is true, you have a great deal."

Myrrha, after a suppressed sob or two, took his arm, and let him lead her to where, more than an hour ago, they had left Daisy, and where Daisy still sat.

A day or two after this, Myrrha met Mr. Stewart with the words:

"I've found it out, Mr. Stewart: it is not the rose that is your favorite flower, though you let me think so. I have found out what is your favorite. I came, quite accidentally, in a book I was reading, upon a quotation from Chaucer, in which he speaks of the 'Day's Eye,' and of his love for it—"

Mr. Stewart rightly concluded from this explanation of Myrrha's, that she had been studying Chaucer, purposely to discover the passage.

"Well," he said, "I hope you approve my taste and Chaucer's?"

"Oh, of course?" Then, after a pause, "Will you forgive me, I wonder, if I ask a very rude question?"

"I will try to do so; but might it not be better, if the question be a rude one, to leave it unasked?"

"I cannot. I am too interested in having it answered; but—I'm afraid you'll be so dreadfully angry!"

"You take the choice, you see, between risking my dreadful anger and losing the chance of gratifying your curiosity."

"It is much more than mere curiosity."

"And it will be, I dare say, much less than 'dreadful' anger."

"It is only this: I want to know, Mr. Stewart, why you don't marry Aunt Daisy?"

"Is it 'only that' you wish to know, Miss Brown?" Mr. Stewart's face reddened angrily. Myrrha, seeing this, and hearing the tone in which he called her Miss Brown, hid her face in her hands, and looked out at him from between her fingers, pretending to shrink away. "The question is very easily answered. I don't marry your Aunt Daisy, because she won't let me; because she won't marry me. There is no other reason; there can be no other; but this, you will allow, is a sufficient one."

"Aunt Daisy says she will never marry, and she says it in a way that shows she means it."

"Of course she means it; your Aunt Daisy always says what she means."

"No, Mr. Stewart; Aunt Daisy, I dare say, always means what she says, but she means, also, a great deal she never says. She is very secret; I feel quite certain that Aunt Daisy conceals something very important. It has crossed my mind to wonder whether she may not be already married!"

Mr. Stewart laughed derisively. "So, you've been making your Aunt Daisy the heroine of a sensational novel, have you?"

"Mr. Stewart, you promised your anger should be less than dreadful; but it isn't, you're dreadfully angry; and it isn't fair you should be. If you knew my reasons for touching this subject, if you understood my heart on this subject, you would, at least, pity me."

Something rose to Mr. Stewart's lips, which he preferred not to say; he turned from Myrrha abruptly, and went into the house; she

had waylaid him in the garden. But she contrived to speak a few more confidential words to him before he left.

"If you had been a little more tolerant with me, I, perhaps, could have told you things that might have been useful to you. Yes, you needn't look so superbly scornful; though I am but 'a child of nineteen,' as you've told me often enough, and you are a man of forty—still, I am a woman, and you're only a man, and women know by instinct things that men's reason and wisdom never seem to teach them. Of course, if there is really between you and Aunt Daisy some insuperable obstacle, nothing will be of any good; but if there is nothing but some foolish fancy of hers, there is a thing that would help you—to make her a little jealous. Oh, yes, I know you think this a treasonable suggestion; but, Mr. Stewart, Aunt Daisy is only a woman, not even a very wise one. Having said this, I will run away." Which she did.

In truth, Myrrha was getting tired of Redcombe Cottage.

"If he's going to marry Aunt Daisy, I wish he'd do it. If he isn't going to marry Aunt Daisy, why then I wish to make him sure and certain that he isn't. I don't want to be worried. I like Mr. Stewart, and don't I like Redcombe Manor House! I believe I could get fond of Mr. Stewart, and I know I could get fond of Redcombe Manor! If I could get them, I should be glad; but I don't want to be kept shilly-shallying: to be made to feel worried, and to waste my time. I shall soon be twenty—after twenty a girl like me often begins to go off and to look sickly, and to get too thin. I'm sure I don't want to take him from Aunt Daisy, if she means to have him; but, if she doesn't, I don't see why she should play dog-in-the-manger."

THE EGYPTIAN GENTLEMAN AT HOME.

BY THE ROVING AMERICAN.

V.

HOW HE PASSES HIS DAY.

OUR Egyptian gentleman is ever an early riser, and his morning toilet takes but little time. His bath and his change of linen, with us the first duties of the day, are deferred by him to a later hour.

In that fiery climate the first hours of morn are devoted, by those who have leisure, to a gallop over the desert, just out of the gate of Bab el Naar (the Gate of Victory). Rising with the dawn, and making but hasty and partial ablutions, and slipping into his baggy breeches and loose linen jacket, our Egyptian takes his whip of hippopotamus-hide in his hand, and, in his yellow morocco boots of soft wrinkled leather, shuffles down-stairs. Kicking off at the door the outer slippers of red-morocco with peaked toes, which he wears in-doors, he passes his threshold, leaning on the arm of his favorite slave—ever at hand, as Byron truly says—

"To guide his steps, or guard his rest,"

and his apathetic face lights up as his eye falls on his Arab steed, fully caparisoned, and held with difficulty by two Nubian or Berberi "syces," the grooms *par excellence* of Egypt. To him the desert-born is led, championing the bit, plunging and rearing, and shaking wildly his silky mane, as though he snuffed from afar and was anxious to seek his native air beyond the pent-in city.

A moment more and the master vaults into the Turkish saddle, with its deep seat and velvet gold-embroidered housings, and stirrups like shovels, capable of goring cruelly the sides of the steed, and apt so to do with an unpractised rider. In that seat the Turk or the Egyptian gentleman looks truly at home, and appears to more advantage than while slouching or shuffling along in a costume not adapted for walking, but very graceful for riding, as well as very comfortable. A small *fingan* of Mocha coffee, black and bitter, with a crust of bread, before he starts, is all he takes to stay his appetite, postponing breakfast until his return. The steed, who literally "knows his master," ceases his playful pranks the moment he feels the pressure of his hand upon the bit, and moves off in that quick, swinging walk in which the Arab horse excels, for the narrow streets of Cairo are too crowded by the early-risen poor of the great city to admit of any more rapid progress through them.

With a rare instinct, which has been educated out of our horses, the steed, with arched neck and pointed ears, moving his deer-like

head from side to side, and, using his eyes as a man would do, daintily picks his way, avoiding obstacles, and carefully stepping over the slumbering dogs that encumber the path. The rider has no trouble in guiding him, your pure-blooded Arab horse does not need it. At length horse and rider pass under the Bab el Nasr into the open country, and, tossing up his head with a wild neigh as he snuffs the desert air, the steed quickens his pace into a gallop. But not without attendants; for, as he starts off, slinking from behind small hillocks, where they have been growling and gorging over the refuse of the city, a troop of lean, savage, wolfish-looking wild dogs, without home or master, start off yelping in pursuit of man and horse. Very dangerous these packs often are, and it sometimes requires both the heels of the horse and the cruel whip of the rider to keep them off. Free of these unwelcome attendants, horse and man press on past the grand old Saracenic structures on the edge of the desert, known as the tombs of the Mameluke sultans—the finest specimens extant of that architecture—majestic in ruin, but rapidly crumbling to decay. On these the eyes of our Egyptian rest with no greater interest than do those of his horse. The eyes of both dilate as, rounding the last of these palaces, the desert—broad and seemingly illimitable, stretching out like an earthy sea to the far horizon, with no tree or shrub or blade of grass to gladden its arid waves of sand—spreads out before, beneath, and around them. The steed breaks into a wild gallop, the man straightens himself in the saddle, and then, bending forward with a wild cry, shakes the reins, and presses the sharp corner of his shovel stirrups into the willing charger's sides. Off, like an arrow from the bow, the charger speeds, passing like the wind the early Bedouin ambling along on his dromedary, or the patient caravan of camels plodding its weary way to Suez.

This is the morning dram of horse and rider, and, after an hour's wild chase after the desert wind, horse and rider quietly thread their way back through the crowded streets, just as the shops in the Mooske are being opened, and the sun begins to assert his power.

The steed is stabled, after having been walked up and down by the careful groom for an hour at least, to cool off before the saddle is removed. The man goes in to a light breakfast of coffee and fruits, and an hour later takes his bath, one of the serious duties of the day, changes his linen and outer garments, and is then ready for business, should he have any, or, if not, he lounges into some coffee-house on the shady Ezbekieh to gossip with friends as idle as himself, and, with much smoking and coffee-sipping, whiles away the slow hours of the long summer day.

At mid-day he returns home to take the inevitable noonday sleep on his divan from twelve till two o'clock; and so universal is this habit, that even the foreign bankers, as well as the native merchants, close their offices, and indulge in it during those hours of sultry noon-tide, even in the winter season, which, however, is as warm as our spring. Awakening from this nap, the Egyptian calls for his pipes and coffee, and, gazing languidly out of his window, which usually commands a view of green gardens and bubbling fountains, patiently awaits the hour of dinner. As he never reads—has no morning or evening papers to give him the sensation of the hour, or the rise and fall of empires or of stocks, and no new publications, or old ones either, to pore over, as his family occupy apartments in a separate part of the house, and day-visitors are unfrequent—one would suppose his time would hang heavy on his hands. But it does not seem to do so. The Egyptian or Turk is never bored—that is one of the plagues of civilization. The placid enjoyment of his animal existence fills him with a steady, serene satisfaction, and there is nothing he enjoys so much as this "taking his keff," the *dolce far niente* of the Italian, only a more absolute negation of any positive sensations, where body and brain both seem, not to slumber, but to be steeped in a soothing repose, which any active movement would disturb—in short, a kind of spiritual opium-eating.

The summons to dinner rouses him from this dreamy state into wakeful interest, for your Oriental, loving all the pleasures of sense, heartily enjoys good eating. The dinner we have described in a former number. After it are taken more pipes and coffee, more keff, another but shorter nap, another and more stately ride past the Ezbekieh and through the city just before twilight, with possibly a visit to a friend in passing, when more pipes and coffee are consumed, and very sparse conversation, and again our Egyptian is at home. The evening he devotes to his harem, not having seen his family all day, as he generally dines in his own side of the house alone, or with some

of his friends. If a domestic man in his habits, he takes supper and passes the evening with his wife and children, having the exclusive enjoyment of their society, since social visiting between the different sexes (as is well known) is contrary to Mussulman usages, and even rarely permitted among the native Christians. Thus a society of all men on one side of the house, and of all women on the other, is all that is to be had in the way of evening parties in the East, and the agreeable mingling of the two elements which constitute society with us, is unknown there. The Roving American is inclined to think that the evenings at home in the harem are rather dull, judging from the hints let fall by his Eastern friends, who, however communicative on other topics, shut up like oysters on any reference being made to this forbidden and delicate topic.

The lower classes enjoy open-air entertainments of jugglers and story-tellers, men and women squatting together under the trees. But rank in the East, as elsewhere, has its penalties as well as its privileges, and the higher classes at Cairo have to shut themselves up at home and do much smoking and sleeping. They retire at an early hour, nine o'clock being the common bedtime. Each wife has her own separate suite of apartments for herself and her family, for the Kilkenny cats would be harmonious compared to a collection of jealous wives in a common apartment, and the partiality or preference of the master of the house is judged of by the frequency of his visits to one wife or the other.

The Egyptian is a model son, husband, and father, especially the first and the last. As to the second, Cairene spouses, who have had the opportunity of conveying their ideas to foreigners, suggest doubts. The unlimited facility afforded to husbands in looking up and secretly making way with their spouses, and the privilege of supplementing the angry dame at home with three others legally, and as many others illegally, as he may choose to purchase—by custom, which is stronger than law—would seem to the inexperienced observer to make matrimony in the East more of a lottery than it proverbially is elsewhere.

SERVANT-SEEKING.

MY wife is a delicate little woman. She was esteemed a great beauty when I married her. Her mother told me that, if I would preserve the roses in her cheeks, I must be very tender of her, and shield her from too much care. For that reason I have always advocated the dismissal of servants who were not absolutely perfect. One morning, last week, Jane omitted to put the large spoons on the table, and the cruets were entirely empty. I took the matter in hand, as a good, kind, considerate, thoughtful husband should, and spoke sharply to the girl. She undertook to answer me back, and I sent her straight out of the house.

"That is the way to do it," I said. "If one girl doesn't suit, try another."

"But, my dear, Jane was a good servant in most respects."

"That is what you say of them all. I tell you, and have told you repeatedly, that it is just as easy to get those who are right altogether. You are too gentle a mistress, and your servants impose upon you. If I had the charge of the house, they would have to toe the mark. I am tired of seeing you so overshadowed with household affairs. Even now there are wrinkles settling in your forehead, as if you were forty-five instead of twenty-seven."

"Ah! the wrinkles date far back of Jane's forgetfulness. I am not sure but they have been produced by the frequency of my visits to intelligence-offices. I thought, the last time I went to one, that my hair would turn white before I got away."

"Why don't you follow up some of those girls who advertise in the *Herald*? My mother used to, and was very successful."

"I have, a score of times. I got Delia from an advertisement—the one who sat down on the baby, thinking he was the rag-bag—and Alice, who stole all my best towels, and Julia, who would take her beaux into the parlor every time we were out in the evening, and I don't know how many more. I have come to the conclusion that, when a servant is neat and honest, it is best to overlook trifling shortcomings. If my husband was just a little more patient, I think I could manage very well. I am worn out with servant-hunting."

"Servant-hunting! I should think it would be a pleasure. I can't imagine any thing so very dreadful about it."

"Suppose you try it? I really do not feel well enough to make the effort; I had rather do my own work for a month."

My wife did not usually speak with so much earnestness, and it surprised me. Besides, she looked pale, and, as I said before, I am a model of husbands.

It was a pleasant morning. I had enough to do; but then I might as well be hindered a half an hour to oblige my wife as to waste so much time smoking after lunch.

"I will, darling. Lie down and rest yourself, or read the papers. Take no more thought about the matter; and now, good-morning."

I kissed her, and went on my way. I bought a *Herald* at a stand on the corner. Glancing at the list of "Situations wanted," I smiled at the absurd idea of putting up with incompetent servants when such an army was in the field. I selected two numbers, which I thought would suit. They each contained three figures, and, of course, were some distance away across the avenues. It was not an inviting-looking neighborhood, and the building into which I entered was far from prepossessing. I knocked at the first door on the first floor. A fat, red-faced woman left the wash-tub, and opened it.

"Did a girl advertise from here for a place this morning?"

"Not as I knows on. Maybe it is in the back room."

I knocked at the next door. It was opened by a little girl of nine or ten, barefooted and ragged, and her mouth full of baked potato. Four other children, of various sizes, came running to look at me.

"Is your mother in?" I inquired.

"No."

"Is there a girl here who wants a place?"

"No."

"Do you know whether there is one in the building?"

"No."

"Maybe it is up-stairs!" screamed an old crone from a bed in the corner of the room, as I took out the *Herald* to see if I had not mistaken the number.

I ascended a narrow staircase, and passed along a dark, gloomy corridor. I knocked at a door, and repeated my inquiries to a yellow, sickly-looking woman, with a babe in her arms. She knew nothing of any such advertisement, but it might be in the next room. At the next room they thought that perhaps it was up-stairs. So I was handed along from one to another until I reached the fifth floor. There I gained the extraordinary information that it was probably in the back yard. Reaching the ground-floor in safety, I proceeded to the rear, where there was a three-story house on the same lot, with a space of only about ten feet between. An old man sat on the pavement, smoking.

"How many families are there in the building?" I asked.

He cogitated a moment or two before he replied:

"Twelve, sir."

It was true! The hall ran through the centre of the building, making four rooms on each floor, and each room contained a family. One man, a shoemaker, had a wife and seven children. I visited every room before I found the one the girl had advertised from. It was the most respectable-looking one of the lot, and the occupant was a young, tidy, well-dressed woman. My spirits rose like foam, and went down as quickly. The girl herself had not come yet. She lived over in Brooklyn.

I wheeled very abruptly, and hurried to the sidewalk. Ugly words rose to my lips, but I did not speak them. I wondered if Effie had ever visited such an abode. Taking out the *Herald* again, I read:

"No. 333 West — Street—a young girl who understands her business, and is neat and obliging."

It was only two blocks off. This time I was fortunate enough to hit the right room at the first knock. The girl herself opened the door. Her manner was a little forbidding. I fancy she belonged to the snapping-turtle order. Nothing daunted, however, I explained my business.

"How many be's there in your family, sir?" she asked, as she surveyed me from head to foot. I dress well, as a general rule; but it was a windy day, and I was in a part of the city where the streets were not watered. Consequently, the damsel before me could not make up her mind on the instant whether I would answer for a master or not. I gave her the number she would be expected to serve.

"Do there be a carpet on the girl's room?"

"Yes. Now please inform me if you know how to take care of

the whole upper part of the house and dining-room, and will do it well."

"Do there be any fires to make?"

"One or two, I think."

"I guess the place wouldn't suit me. I never makes fires. Boys always does them where I lives."

I was again afloat. I didn't fold and put my newspaper in my pocket any more. I read as I walked. According to my printed information, the most desirable person for me to visit was "a smart, capable, willing girl," in the neighborhood of Second Avenue. Quite a stretch from the west part of the city, but I went. It was a five-story tenement-house again. I gave a dirty boy a quarter to run up-stairs and make inquiries for me, and he never came back to report. Near the third landing I found the maiden. She was staying with a "friend," in a little room twelve by fourteen. The "friend" was a dealer in old clothes, and was just sorting over a cargo. The smart, capable, willing girl had seen fully sixty-five summers, and her hair was as white as snow. She was sitting with her feet in a pail of water, trying to cure corns, so she said. I left.

I was getting slightly out of temper when I reached the sidewalk. A dog, harnessed into a small cart, obstructed the way. I raised my foot and removed the whole establishment into the street. After that I felt better. Turning for comfort again to the *Herald*, I found "situations wanted" by several in that immediate vicinity; and I rendered unto all the light of my countenance. One girl had just "engaged." Another did not like to go where they did not keep a "full set of help." A third seemed qualified for our purpose, but her cousin was dead, and she couldn't come for a week. The fourth didn't like our location. The fifth made very pointed inquiries about the number of girls we had had during the last year, and then declined engaging "where they changed help so often." The sixth didn't ever "negoshumate" with a gentleman; "the madame must come hussell." The seventh wanted too many privileges, and had lost her front teeth. The eighth asked my name and place of business, but, never having heard of me before, very dryly remarked that "she only lived with the first families." The ninth was a fair-haired, blue-eyed German, who was not only willing, but exceedingly anxious to undertake any thing. She promised to go to my wife in the course of half an hour; and I, thoroughly disgusted with this world, and particularly with the portion of it which I had just explored, looked at my watch, and found it was two o'clock P. M.

When I reached home, at the usual dinner-hour, Effie met me, smiling.

"Did the new girl come?" I inquired.

"No, I haven't seen any."

I did not give vent to my pent-up emotions. I only played the sympathizing husband, and, somewhat crestfallen, started on another tour of the same nature the next morning.

Without confessing it to Effie, I determined to save time and steps and try the intelligence-office. A polite clerk at the entrance stopped me and registered my name, then I passed into the main room. A clerk sitting by a table numbered me and gave me a card. I was to take a seat correspondingly numbered. The room was filled with ladies talking to servants, and all sorts of persons hurrying hither and thither. A clerk spoke through a tube and called for a chambermaid and waitress for number twelve. In the course of ten minutes a tall, greasy-looking Irish girl came toward me.

"If you are sent to speak to me," I said, "go back and tell them you won't suit. Let another come as quickly as possible."

Instead of obeying, she dropped into the chair near by.

"Won't suit, eh? What ails me?"

"You are not neatly clad."

"Oh, that stuff on my dress is nothing; it will come out with a little sponging—"

I stalked across the room, and advised the young man in attendance to send a decent girl to me in short order. I conferred with six before I gave my address and sent one to my wife. The little performance occupied an hour and a half, and my office-work crowded me the rest of the day. I dined down-town. Having lost my key, I rung the bell of my own door about half-past nine. The discarded Jane admitted me.

"Effie, how is this?" I asked, before taking a chair.

"Oh, nothing extraordinary. The girl you sent, came. She seemed perfectly satisfied with the place, but, in the course of an hour, we heard the lower door slam, and saw her running down the street.

Toward evening Jane came for her money, and, not having enough by me, I detained her until you should come in. She went to work of her own accord, has put the house in order, and assisted me in every way possible."

"Keep her, if she will stay. I will promise never to complain of any thing hereafter short of hair-pins in the gravy. A dishcloth or two in the pudding will be a trifling grievance compared with what I have been through during the last six-and-thirty hours. And, Effie, say to your lady-friends that, if their husbands are too exacting in little things, and meddle in domestic matters where it would be more sensible for them to mind their own business, you know of a remedy."

I have always been a model; I am now one of the most docile of husbands. And it pays. Effie looks five years younger, and the servants no longer creep round the house in constant fear of my making discoveries to their disadvantage. A few words of well-timed commendation have cured Jane of her chief fault, and, since I have seriously thought about it, I believe her to be a most excellent servant.

M. J. LAMB.

A COMEDY AT FORLÌ.

THE ancient and romantic little city of Forlì, which lies at the foot of the Apennines, about forty miles from Bologna, is rather off the beaten road of travel, and has more of the mediæval flavor than any Italian town I have visited. Its population is not above sixteen or seventeen thousand; but it is full of associations, and impressed me more than Ferrara or Fienza, Mantua or Rimini, with all their mouldy memories of the past. It has its theatre and opera, as may be supposed, though neither the one nor the other is of a very high order. Still, I liked to go there, and to make up what the music lacked by pondering on what it suggests in regard to the historic past.

I was sitting one night in the pit, when a gentleman at my side entered into conversation with me, and I discovered that he was an American, the first I had met there. At the close of the performance we began to criticise it, when he remarked that he had witnessed a most extraordinary entertainment on that very stage, which had taken him altogether by surprise.

"Indeed," he continued, "I shall not forget it if I live a hundred years. Its impression will never be removed."

"That is very singular," I said. "I can't imagine how any very remarkable performance can be given in so small a city as this. The music must always be inferior where the patronage is so slight. Be kind enough to tell me what there was extraordinary in the representation of which you speak."

"Well, here we are at the Albergo. Let us go in and order a bottle of Lachrymæ Christi, and I'll tell you all about it."

"It was late in the autumn, seven or eight years ago. I was on my way from Bologna to Rimini, and concluded to stay here overnight, as I had never seen Forlì before. In the evening, as I was wandering around, I passed the theatre, and, observing that Bellini's 'Capuletti e Montecchi' was to be given, I went in. It was a little after the hour; but I found the opera not yet begun. Though the house was tolerably full, I had no difficulty in getting a seat. I waited patiently for fifteen minutes, and still no signs that any of the Capulets or Montagues had as yet been born. I did not wonder that the audience displayed some vexation and disappointment in cries of 'Basta! basta!' I sat for ten minutes longer. The house was growing somewhat uproarious, and I was on the point of going out when the stage-bell rang for the orchestra, and the instrumentalists began the sad and tender overture. That done, the long-delayed curtain rose, but on quite a different scene from that recorded in the *libretto*.

"Instead of the members of the rival houses, testy and turbulent, some twenty men, in the picturesque costume of the Abruzzi, appeared drawn up across the stage with guns levelled at the audience. One of their number, who seemed to be their chief, stepped to the foot-lights, and informed the people in front, in very un-Tuscan Italian, that they would be instantly shot if they made the least resistance.

"It occurred to me that this was quite a new version of an opera I had supposed myself entirely familiar with, and, in all my recollection of the lyric *répertoire*, I could not think of any drama which began exactly in that way.

"The audience was evidently dissatisfied with the first scene, and many of them, in spite of the menace and the levelled guns, started pell-mell out of the house. A number of the ladies screamed and jumped up in the boxes; but, in a few minutes, they became calm and quiet, and showed more coolness and self-discipline than their natural protectors.

"For myself, though I did not particularly relish the situation, I felt more amused than alarmed at its unexpected novelty, and I waited to see what would happen next. I noticed that the men who had attempted to quit the theatre had returned paler than when they sought to go out, and I overheard one of them say, 'The doors are all guarded by armed men, and we shall certainly be murdered, every one of us!' This was comforting at least, and I remembered with a kind of melancholy satisfaction that, as I had no creditors, I should leave no one to mourn for me, if the worst came to the worst.

"Fill your glass, my friend. Let me assure you that in this world no man is missed unless he leave debts behind him. Therefore, always owe somebody something if you wish to be remembered."

"The next thing in the programme was the entrance into the theatre of ten or twelve more of the black-bearded, peak-hatted, amateur or professional artists, who looked as if they would cut a throat for ten *baioocchi*, and that the rate would be reduced if murders were required by the dozen. The new-comers, gun in hand and stiletto in belt, went to everybody in the house, and used such persuasive speech as to induce them to part with their valuables. They transacted business more rapidly and efficiently than I had ever known it to be transacted in Italy.

"In less than a minute, a fellow, who might have been poisoner and assassin-in-chief to the Borgias, stepped up to me, and, lifting his hat, said:

"'Buona sera, signore; scusàtemi;' and held out his hand for my personal property.

"I had prepared for him by concealing my watch and purse in an inside pocket. I presented two or three bank-notes received some time before in Palermo and not current anywhere, with an I. O. U. taken from an impostor in Paris, and worth ten per cent. less than nothing. Determined not to be outdone in politeness, I remarked, as I handed him the precious treasure:

"'Siete molto cortese.'

"He took what I offered without question, and, saying 'Cosi, va bene; grazie, signore,' turned his rapacious attention to my neighbor.

"Very soon the robbery was complete, and the thieves quitted the theatre, while the leader of the band (I don't mean the director of the orchestra) ordered the strangers on the stage to recover and shoulder arms, which they did, and marched off without a word.

"As soon as the bandits had gone, such a chattering, and swearing, and general tumult, arose among the audience, who then felt free to express their feelings at the outrage, that I could not help laughing. While this confusion was at its height, the manager appeared before the foot-lights and made an explanation of what had taken place.

"He said that, just as the performance was about to begin, a band of brigands had descended from the Apennines, surrounded the theatre, taken possession of all the entrances, bound the artists and everybody behind the scenes, and then proceeded to plunder the audience in the manner I have described. He thought there were about one hundred of them in all, and expressed the hope that the infernal scoundrels would yet be captured and shot—a sentiment which awoke general sympathy and hearty applause, but not an atom of expectation. He added, moreover, that he was very sorry for the unpleasant but unavoidable occurrence; that he was willing to refund the money we had paid for admission, and would be only too happy if the bandits would also make restitution. If we cared, however, to hear the opera, he would be charmed to present it, and so, bowing, he retired, amid loud bravos and clapping of hands.

"Nobody quitted the theatre; and, as I fancied some other novelty might be offered, my curiosity impelled me to remain.

"Bellini's composition was very fairly rendered. The artists and audience were in unusually good spirits after the peculiar *contre-temps*, and were on the best terms with each other.

"I felt some desire to know whether this sort of thing happened often or only occasionally, and on inquiry I was told it was altogether unprecedented. I was glad of this, for I like novelties, even when they are somewhat disagreeable, and I consider that episode worth twice the price of admission. In fact, this cool and ingenious method

of robbing a whole audience pleased me so much that, whenever I am in this part of the country, I visit Forlì in hope of seeing it again.

"I have known a great many changes of programme during an opera-season, but that was the first and last time I ever knew 'Fra Diavolo' substituted literally for the 'Capuletti e Montecchi' on any stage. I like Bellini; but I prefer bandita. Cameriere, cavate il tappo a quella bottiglia."

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

A GREAT SECRET.

MY friend, here's a secret
By which you may thrive:
I am fifty years old,
And my wife's forty-five—

A queen among beauties,
The wedding-guests said,
When we went to the church
With the priest, and were wed.

That's thirty long years past;
And I can avow,
She was no more a beauty
To me, then, than now!

For never the scath of a
Petulant frown
Has ploughed with its furrows
Her young roses down.

And still, like a girl, when
Her praises I speak,
Her heart fairly blushes
Itself through her cheek.

Her smile is more tender
For being less bright;
And the little bit powder
That makes her hair white,

And all the soft patience
That shows through her face,
In my eyes, are only
Like grace upon grace.

For still we are lovers,
As I am alive,
Though I, sir, am fifty,
And she's forty-five!

And here's half the secret
I meant to unfold,
She don't know, my friend,
Not the least, how to scold!

Nor does she get pettish,
And sulk to a pout,
So, since we fell in love,
We never fell out!

And here's the full secret
That saves us from strife:
I kept her a *sweetheart*,
In making her *wife*!

And if you but wed on
My pattern, you'll thrive,
For I, sir, am fifty,
My wife, forty-five!

ALICE CARY.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

THE past quarter of a century has witnessed the rise, in England, of a remarkable number of bold, radical, philosophical thinkers and writers. Almost every corner of the broad domains of science seems to have been invaded by vigorous and adventurous spirits, who have stoutly resisted taking any thing either for granted or from "authority;" have insisted on judging and knowing for themselves; and, while availing themselves of the lore of previous philosophers, have only lingered in their paths while they were lighted by what they themselves saw clearly. Conservatives have shuddered over the profanations of the august temples of ancient learning; men of piety have mourned the dethronement of Christian philosophers; politicians of the old school have wept, like Eldon, as they saw the vestiges of the ancient constitution one by one passing away. Theological, political, and social science have been no more secure than natural and exact science. All have been submitted to crucial tests on the part of operators who defied tradition when tradition assumed to close their eyes and impose silent obedience, and only respected tradition when tradition served them as guide-posts. The names of such men as Mill, Huxley, Tyndall, Faraday, Herbert Spencer, Congreve, Proctor, Colenso, Cobden—names famous each in its sphere—serve to stamp the era as one of bold investigations which startle, while they compel admiration from timid and groove-bound minds.

Perhaps the greatest immediate influence, impelling the thoughtful to this *frondeur* manner of grappling with philosophical problems, in England, has been that exerted by John Stuart Mill. But another, with many as potent, with some more potent influence, has been somewhat quietly but very deeply drawing to the same end, inspiring intellectual courage and breeding knights-errant of science—the influence of Auguste Comte. The Positivist is no longer to be ignored, much less despised. Of Comte's scientific theories, Mill himself is a disciple, and the *Westminster Review* has at least been a candid and elaborate expounder. Comte's religious philosophy is another thing; and those who study Nature according to Comte are by no means necessarily devotees of the sect which he has founded. Mill, who had no language too praiseful of the first, found none too bitter for the last.

There was something in the Positivism of Comte, and in its elucidations by Mill, peculiarly attractive to a set of cultivated and independently thinking young men who formed the nucleus, later, of a bold school of writers, whose productions have not ceased to startle the English intellectual world. The fundamental doctrine of the Comtist philosophy may—since it is of an eminent Comtist that we propose to write—be briefly stated. It is, that we have no knowledge of any thing but phenomena; and our knowledge of phenomena is relative, not absolute. We know neither the essence nor the real mode of production of any fact, but only its relation to other facts in the way of succession or of similitude. These relations are constant; that is, always the same in the same circumstances. The constant similitudes which conjoin phenomena, and the constant sequences which unite them as antecedent and consequent, are called their *laws*. And these laws are all we know about them. Their essential nature, and their ultimate causes, whether efficient or final, are unknown and inscrutable to men. Upon this doctrine all the scientific philosophy of Comte rests, and upon it he built an imposing structure, such as, whatever our beliefs may be, entitle him to be ranked with Descartes and Galileo, among searchers into the mysteries of Nature.

Among the foremost of those who adopted the leading ideas of this Positivism was GEORGE HENRY LEWES, who, during his editorship of the *Fortnightly Review*, contributed himself and admitted many other contributors to its pages, in defence of the great Frenchman's system. Professor Lewes is now known as one of the profoundest students in philosophical lore, ancient, mediæval, and modern, English and foreign, in his country. Long-continued ill health has abridged the number of his contributions to science; but those which he has been able to produce illustrate the wealth of a learning which has been long and patiently acquired. His attainments are mainly in the direction which has been stated; but he has proved himself skilled in the lighter and more graceful departments of literature. He has made an especial study of German and the great German writers, pursuing his studies among the profounder works of Scaliger, Eras-

mus, Kant, Schlegel, and Goethe. From early youth his predilections were for the profession of letters, uncertain and few as are the inducements to follow exclusively such a career.

He was born in London, in 1817, and received an education partly on the Continent, and partly under the tuition of Dr. Burney, at Greenwich. Like many literary men before and after him, he tried and soon wearied of a commercial training, returning eagerly to his books, and thenceforth stoutly sticking to them. At first, as the part of a general plan of philosophical study, he delved into anatomy and physiology.

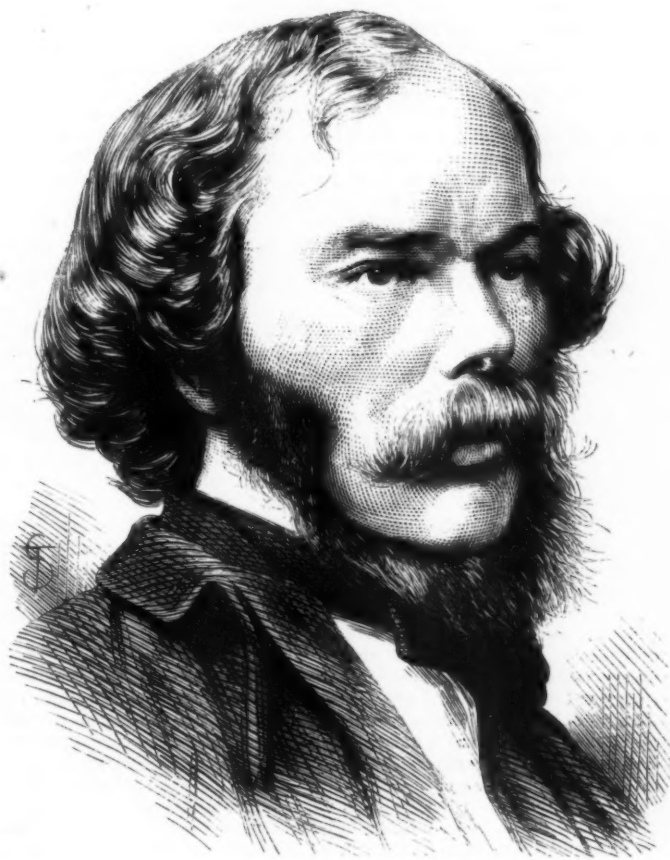
Having acquired the elementary principles of these sciences, he went to Germany to extend the range of his studies. He was in that country during his twenty-first and twenty-second years, mastered the language, participated in the riches of its literature, and became deeply impressed with the works of its philosophers. Returning to London, he settled down as a student and man of letters, assiduously adhering to the line of investigation begun in Germany, and writing now and then for the papers and periodicals.

The first elaborate work by which he became known as an author—one which entitled him to no mean place among philosophical scholars, was "A Biographical History of Philosophy," in two series of two volumes each, the first series treating of ancient philosophy. In this work we have finished critical essays of the Greek sages, more especially of Socrates and Plato, as well as biographies. Of Plato we learn

much that is of the deepest interest. Mr. Lewes apprizes us that Plato has scarcely any imagery; and, though the Edinburgh reviewers dissented from this dictum, they admitted the truth of Mr. Lewes's description of Plato's illustrations as "for the most part homely and familiar." He called attention to Aristotle's estimate of Plato's style as capital—that it was a middle species of diction between prose and verse. There are indeed in Plato's works—and no one more readily recognizes them than Mr. Lewes—passages of diverse and singular beauty. But he points out that the Platonic system was not a mere poetic conception, but a great problem calmly and logically worked out. "Plato," he says, "never sacrifices logic to poetry. If he sometimes calls poetry to his aid, it is only to express by it those ideas which logic cannot grasp, ideas which are beyond demonstration; but he never indulges in mere fancies."

It may be said that this view of Plato's methods of composition quite harmonizes with our conception of Plato's character. It was not severe; it was calm, judicial, excessive neither in intellectual hair-splitting nor in exuberant rhetoric. Plato often, as Mr. Lewes says, sacrificed the general effect to his scrupulous dialectics, and his incessant repetitions were designed to deeply impress on the reader's mind the real force of his method. Appended to Mr. Lewes's second volume of this series we find a very spirited translation of some of the more important scenes of the *Gorgias*; and the work as a whole seems to have received a hearty welcome from the English classicists, though some of them earnestly protested against many of the author's criticisms. It was published in 1847, when Mr. Lewes was in his thir-

tieth year; and soon after he illustrated the versatility of his mind by publishing a story called "*Ranthorpe*," which had good success. During the ensuing ten or twelve years his pen was very active. In 1848 appeared a novel called "*Rose, Blanche, and Violet*," and a study of the Spanish dramatists Lope de Vega and Calderon; in 1850 his "*Life of Robespierre*," a remarkable work, in which the dictator of the Terror was put before our eyes in a new light in many respects; and this year he also assayed his ability in dramatic writing, producing a tragedy—"The Noble Heart"—full of literary excellences but quite unsuited to the demands of the modern stage. He next devoted himself to a careful treatise on "*Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences*," in which we find many of his philosophical



GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

views modified, and perceive that he had advanced—if the expression is right—from a metaphysical to a "Positivist" method of thought.

The work by which he is best known to general readers, and which doubtless gained him his fame in America, is his "*Life and Works of Goethe*"—much the best biography of the great German extant in our language. He was well qualified by his culture and predilections for German studies to engage in this undertaking, and this book is already a standard one in its department of literature.

"*Seaside Studies*," and the "*Physiology of Common Life*," the latter very popular, and full of the writer's graceful vivacity of style, were published in the same year, 1860; and in 1861 appeared another of his minute studies of the Greek philosophers, in "*Aristotle: a Chapter from the History of Science*." The commendations which this book called forth might well gratify so ambitious and zealous a

scholar. It was written with great vigor and independence of mind, as well as with a clearness of expression which had become a characteristic of Mr. Lewes's productions. It was, however, designed as only the introductory part to a much more comprehensive scheme which he had long projected, and has since, owing to ill health, unfortunately been compelled in a great measure to postpone; and was especially devoted to an exposition of "the origin and development of science—the embryology of science, so to speak."

The claims of Aristotle as a natural philosopher are discussed in the first volume, and a careful and succinct analysis of his physical treatise is made. There are few more interesting passages in modern scientific literature than Mr. Lewes's chapter on "The Anticipation of Modern Discoveries." We learn (with an even higher respect for Aristotle than we had before) that the old Greek had an acquaintance, more or less familiar, with some five hundred various species of animals—a wonderful thing when it is considered that Aristotle lived in the fourth century before Christ, and was actually the earliest of known writers on natural history. Mr. Lewes shows us, however, that Aristotle's practical knowledge of zoology was very limited. The traces of philosophical positivism are very clear throughout this book.

The light in which Lewes studied Aristotle, as every other man or work of science, ancient or modern, is discovered to us in many of the passages in the work on Comte; and we can do no better in defining the position of the author, who is, above all, distinguished as a follower of Comte, than to note briefly some of the ideas. According to Mr. Lewes, there are three distinct and characteristic stages which history reveals in man's attempts to explain natural phenomena. They have been named the supernatural, the metaphysical, and the positive stages. In the supernatural stage man explains phenomena by some "fanciful suggestion" suggested by the analogies of his own consciousness.

"Nature," says Mr. Lewes, "is regarded as the theatre whereon the arbitrary wills and momentary caprices of superior powers play their varying and variable parts. Men are startled at unusual occurrences, and explain them by fanciful conceptions. A solar eclipse is understood, and unerringly predicted to a moment, by positive science; but in the supernatural epoch it was believed that some dragon had swallowed the sun!" In the metaphysical stage, man explains phenomena by some *a priori* conception of inherent or superadded entities suggested by the *constancy* observable in phenomena, which constantly leaves him to suspect that they are not produced by any intervention on the part of an external being, but are owing to the *nature* of the things themselves. "The notion of capricious divinities is replaced by that of abstract entities, whose modes of action are, however, invariable, and in this recognition of *invariableness* lies the germ of science. In this epoch Nature 'abhors a vacuum;' organized beings have a 'vital principle;' matter has a *vis inertiae*." When we reach the stage of positivism, the stage illustrated by Comte, man explains phenomena by adhering solely to those constancies of succession and coexistence ascertained inductively, and recognized as the law of Nature, and in this stage the invariableness of phenomena under similar conditions is recognized as the sum total of human investigation; beyond the laws which regulate phenomena it is idle to penetrate. Mr. Lewes shows us, in his "Aristotle," that Grecian philosophy belonged to the metaphysical stage. The progress, according to him, has been gradual from this to the positive stage; the step from the one to the other beginning from Francis Bacon, the father of inductive science.

Enough has been quoted from Mr. Lewes, even in this brief sketch, to show that his style is perspicuous, bold, lively, not wanting in a polished grace, energetic, and far from dry. He seems to adapt himself well to the ordinary understanding, and he has certainly a right to be ranked among that most valuable class of scientific writers who within twenty years have done so much to make science popular by interpreting it so that it may be easily and generally comprehended. No one can rise from a perusal of the "Biography" and the "Aristotle" without a clear idea of the systems of the great thinkers of Greece; and while the dissentients from Lewes's Comtist doctrines will far outnumber those who yield to them, their discussion cannot but shed light upon the gravest problems which mysterious Nature everywhere presents for the human brain to ponder.

Mr. Lewes partially followed out the general plan to which I have alluded, by publishing, in 1867, "The History of Philosophy from

Thales to Comte;" which comprises a sort of generalization and maturing of the ideas presented in the previous works, as well as giving the reader a broad survey of the progress and tendencies of the philosophies which from time to time prevailed in the learned world. Meanwhile he contributed to the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster*, to *Blackwood*, *Fraser*, and the *Cornhill*. He edited the *Leader* from its foundation in 1849 till 1854. In 1858 he read a paper before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, on "The Spinal Cord as the Centre of Sensation and Volition;" which he supplemented in the following year by some addresses on the "Nervous System," marked for their originality and bold antagonism to commonly-received ideas.

He founded the now famous *Fortnightly Review* in 1865, resigning the editorship, owing to ill health, in 1866, when he was succeeded by John Morley, a young Comtist of rare ability. The *Fortnightly* has always been noted for its independent and radical views. It first published Huxley's remarkable article on "The Physical Basis of Life." Mr. Lewes a few years since married Miss Evans, who stands in the foremost rank of English novelists and poets, under the *nom de plume* of "George Eliot;" and they now reside in a pleasant, umbrageous little nook in St. John's Wood, one of the quietest and prettiest quarters of London. It is surely to be hoped that Mr. Lewes will not be deterred by precarious health from further literary labors; and especially that he may be able to accomplish the lofty scheme which he long ago proposed to himself.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

ALBRECHT VON GRAEFE.

THE most eminent oculist of this century, or of any century, Dr. ALBRECHT VON GRAEFE, died at Berlin, July 20th, at the age of forty-two. He was born at Berlin, May 22, 1828. His father was for many years the surgeon-general of the Prussian army, which accounts for the infant Albrecht having had such distinguished sponsors at the baptismal font. They were the king and his son Albrecht, the father and brother of the present King of Prussia, the minister of war, Count Hake, the Countess von Lattem, and Madame von Bredow.

A detailed account of the scientific labors of the deceased would be uninteresting to the general reader; it may not be out of place, however, to state that he effected as complete a revolution in eye-surgery as did Napoleon I. in the art of war. His labors and researches were eminently practical in their character. He strove, above all things, to base our knowledge of eye-diseases upon a thoroughly scientific foundation, and to relieve this important branch of medicine, as far as possible, from empiricism. How well he succeeded, is best known to his pupils, who may be found in all parts of the civilized world. Nearly all the leading oculists in this country have spent more or less time in Berlin, for the purpose of studying the specialty of their choice under the direction of this great master. Many a tearful eye has read the announcement of his early death, that but for his genius would have been in total darkness.

There is a terrible disease of the eye—acute or inflammatory glaucoma—which, if allowed to take its course, usually results in the rapid and total destruction of vision. Until within the last fifteen years this disease was deemed incurable; it was the terror of the physician, for he was ignorant of any means by which he could even retard its progress. The remedies usually efficacious in inflammations seemed more frequently to aggravate than to palliate it.

Graefe delivered humanity from this scourge. He discovered that if, in the first stages of the disease, a certain operation were performed on the eye—the excision of a portion of the iris—the inflammation and intense pain disappeared as if by magic; that vision was completely restored, even in cases where it had decreased to a bare perception of light; and, further, that the patient was insured against a relapse.

To Graefe's most brilliant achievements in the field of operative eye-surgery, may be reckoned the method he adopted, a few years ago, of operating for cataract. This new method, as shown not only by Graefe's experience, but also by that of other operators, renders this important operation very much less to be dreaded than it was formerly.

Of the greatest importance, too, are Graefe's studies of the various

forms of strabismus—squinting—and his improved method of operating for this deformity. The number of strabismus operations performed yearly by him was truly immense—far greater, for example, than the number performed by all the oculists in Vienna.

The major part of Graefe's scientific writings were published in his "Archives of Ophthalmology," which he began to issue in 1854, and comprise fifteen octavo volumes. The student finds in these archives a complete history of modern eye-surgery.

On receiving the news of his death, one of the most distinguished savants in Germany wrote:

"I am deeply moved by the melancholy tidings of our Graefe's death. His loss to science is irreparable, for men who, with the cares and responsibilities of an immense practice, find time to originate great ideas, appear only at intervals of centuries."

And Graefe was no less distinguished as a teacher than as a *savant* and practical oculist. As a lecturer, he was wonderfully clear and fluent; indeed, his delivery was, perhaps, too rapid. He spoke only for those who already had a considerable knowledge of eye-surgery; the beginner found it quite impossible to follow him.

To Graefe's intellectual greatness was united every other natural advantage, physical and moral. He was considered as a representative of one of the highest types of manly beauty, his head having been what the Germans call "ein wahrer Christuskopf"—a true Christ's head. The fascination of his manner and the extreme generosity of his nature were proverbial. His pupils and patients idolized him. In his associations with his colleagues, that modesty which so frequently adorns true greatness rendered him irresistible. I shall never forget the amiability of Graefe's manner toward me during the time that I, some years ago, attended his clinic. The scientific discussions in which he occasionally indulged with his pupils, he always conducted with so much modesty and tact, that his opponent quite forgot that he was arguing with the greatest of living masters.

PICTURESQUE AMERICA.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY FENN.

REEMS'S CREEK AND THE OLD MILL.

ONE sultry day in June, a band of seven brothers toiled slowly up the sides of the Black Mountains; brothers they were not in blood, but in a tie that binds thousands throughout the world. The romantic idea had been conceived of celebrating St. John's Day (June 24th) on the summit of Mount Mitchell. Many had claimed the privilege of being of the band, but as they left their horses and all roads at the foot of the mountains, and took to walking in the wild, pathless woods, guided only by the hunter's eye and the compass-needle, only seven names answered to the call. Through thickets of rhododendron, magnificent with crimson flowers; up streams of crystal water, around cascades, rich in artistic beauty, and looking down into caverns far below; sometimes up a ridge almost perpendicular, then through a broad plateau, studded with noble chestnuts; or stopping a moment to look on the far-extended view from one of those queer bald spots the Indians call "Devil's Footprints"—thus they went: in front, that old mountain hunter and surveyor, Bob Blackstock, with his compass swung around his neck; next to him, the Grand Master; the rest trailed one by one behind, till far in the rear the last, who was weak in body, but strong in spirit. Just as the crimson sun was hiding itself behind the smoky tops of the Great Unaka, we touched the edge of the balsam-growth. Stopping at the side of a spring, whose drops, as they tumbled far below and went into spray, seemed, in the dying glow of the setting sun, to be a ruby aurora floating down the valley, faithful Bob threw off his knapsack, unsheathed his axe, and exclaimed:

"Here we rest to-night. This is the head-spring of Reems's Creek, and you are about three thousand feet higher in the world than at Asheville yesterday. Now for a fire, a house, and a bed."

"And a stew for our sick boy," said a voice behind him.

The sharp report of the rifle rang out on the clear mountain air, rolled and echoed far down the valley, and a fat gray squirrel dropped at our feet.

"He's got no business up here anyhow, interfering with the mast that belongs to the poor little chipmunks," added the hunter, as he

laid down his rifle, and forthwith proceeded to divest the animal of his skin.

Sweetly toothsome did it taste that night, for the boy was sore and weary; boy they called him, for of that party he alone stood less than six feet in height.

A great glowing fire was soon sending its smoke far upward, while the valley below and the hills above echoed and re-echoed the popping and crackling of the burning logs. A bed that a king might envy was made from the tender boughs of the balsam, with blankets spread over them. Supper was served, and then came pipes and stories.

"You say, Bob, that this is the head of Reems's Creek," asked the boy.

"Yes, this is the head-spring of Reems's Creek. It empties into the French Broad just above Alexander's. You know THE OLD REEMS'S CREEK MILL, on the right of the road as you go down the river. Well, that old mill is nigh about the oldest building this side the mountains. Old Reems built it there as a sort of fort, something of a store, and little of a mill. The old ford of the French Broad is just at the mouth of the creek. There wasn't many Indians this side the French Broad and Swannanoa, and the trail from the settlements east to Tennessee passed by the old mill, just about where the road does now; it left the river below. Some say that Daniel Boone first learned to shoot Indians and bear at that ford and on this creek. My father and Tom's (the old man was an honest hunter, and never would have killed even a squirrel this time of the year, nor in such a place as this, even for a sick boy)"—Tom was ready with a reply, but the story went on. "As I started to say, Tom's father and mine were the first settlers who left the river and built cabins up any of the creeks. No one would believe, from the looks of the rocky stream where the old mill stands, that a few miles up the stream are some of the prettiest valleys in the world. I showed you the old place to-day, and you never saw better land in your life. I know I never did, and tramped all over Mexico with Taylor and Scott.

"Then the mountain-sides are rich, too. There's old Craggy where the other fork rises; she don't deserve that name, for there's some extra land up there. When old Professor Somebody came to our house for a guide, with a letter from Zeb, I took him up a spur that Brigman had a cornfield on, just about thirty-five hundred feet higher than the sea. It was No. 1, and would run fifty bushels shelled to the acre close. He looked a little wild at it, then out with his instruments and made some calculations. I tell you he opened his eyes wider than a runaway steer. He said it was an astonishing growth and fertility for mountain-land. I didn't say much, for I knew he'd been used to the barren White Mountains, and if he'd seen the Rockies they weren't any better, for I'd tried them. As we came back to Asheville, I took him down through Nick's 'graass' plantation on top of Elk Mountain.* He stared at the tall timothy hard and long enough, but didn't say a word.

"Good land isn't all Reems's Creek has to boast of either. She's some on the men line. There's old Governor Swain, General Joe Lane of Oregon, and Zeb Vance, member of Congress, Governor, or what he is; he's 'Zeb' in Buncombe, and always will be. They were all born and brought up with not much more than a tow shirt to their backs, right down there in that valley you'll see the first thing in the morning. Come, turn in now."

"Not yet," said several. "Which way in the morning?"

"Straight up and on the ridge till we strike the road on the main Black, about half a mile from Otey's cabin."

"All woods?"

"No, we'll strike a bear-trail about three miles from here; and just there I saw a bear do the cutest thing. He couldn't have done better if he'd been a reg'lar educated Yankee."

"Give it to us!" exclaimed two or three.

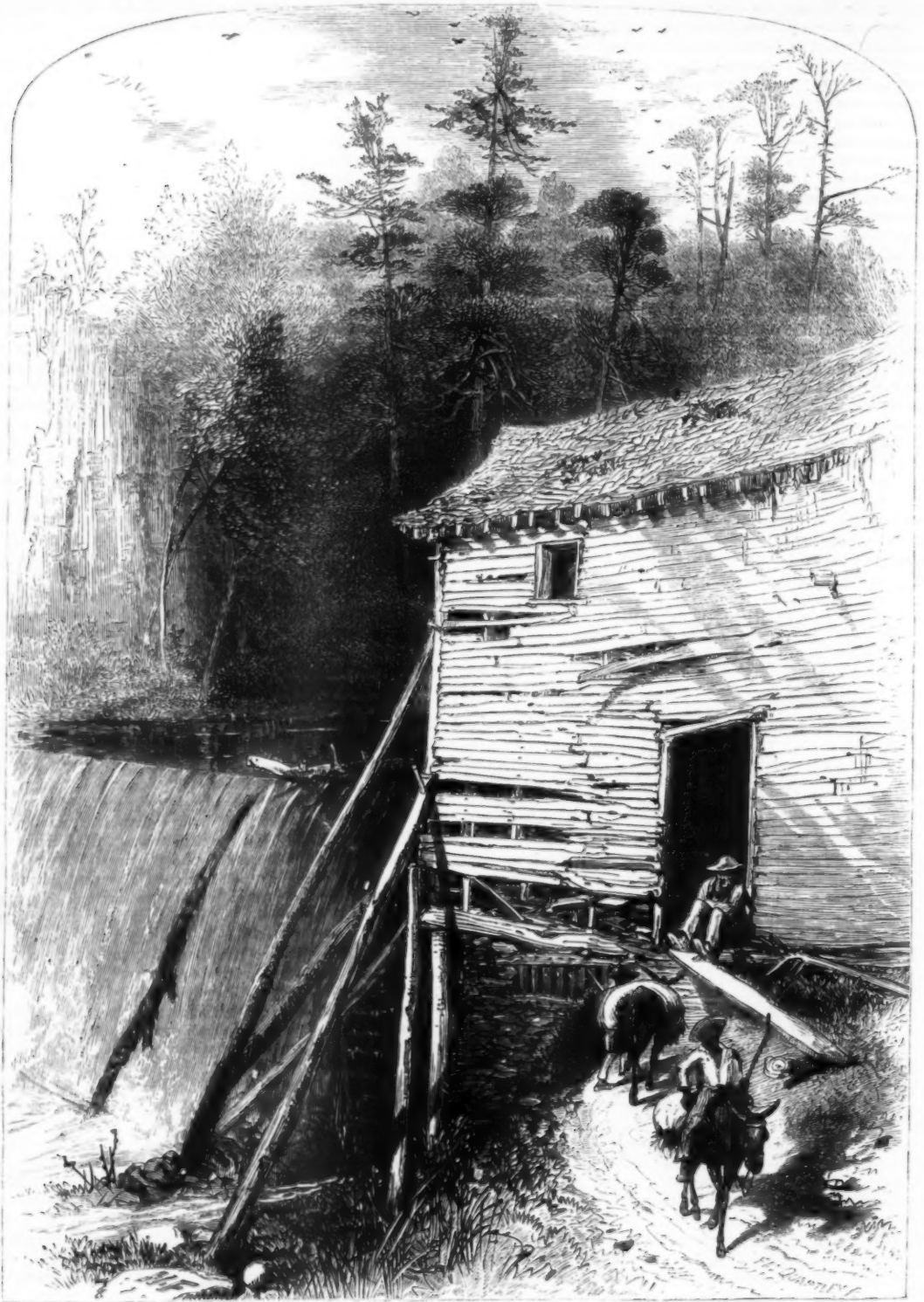
"Make it short," drawled fat Dickerson.

"Tell the truth, Blackstock," gravely said Grand-Master Robert.

"I knew somebody'd doubt my word, but I'll tell you THE BEAR-STORY."

"I had lost a lot of pigs at a mountain-bed, where I kept an old

* Hon. N. W. Woodfin, of Asheville, by comparing his own soil with that of the North, concluded that he could grow the Northern grasses, and also make cheese at home. He planted timothy and other grass, was gratified with the result, and the last three years have proved his wisdom in the erection and successful working of several cheese-factories; cheese from one of which, sampled in New York, was pronounced equal to any made in the North.



PICTURESQUE AMERICA.—REEMS'S CREEK, NORTH CAROLINA.

saw or two, and I made up my mind I'd have revenge out of some bear, so I took my stand on the mountain near the bear-trail we'll pass to-morrow. It forked not far off. Now a bear, when he's travelling in summer, every now and then stops, rears up side of a balsam, and makes a scratch—his mark. This is especially done at a fork of their trails. Another bear comes along, and can't make his mark as high; he knows the other bear is the largest, so he turns back or takes the other fork. Well, the day I was up there I had waited full four hours, and felt particular wolfish, when there came a despicable little bear, but with an awful knowing look about him. I had a great mind to kill him just for spite, but thought I'd wait till he got to the fork. He stopped and looked carefully at all the trees down one trail. Then the little cuss just turned and rolled a big rock up to the tree that had the most marks, got on it, reared up, and made his mark far above the best of them. He got down, rolled that rock back to its place, and went on his road. From the way he shook all over, I just knew he was laughing hard to himself.

"And you didn't shoot him?"

"Shoot that bear? I'd about as soon shot my father. Now, sick boy, it's time to go to sleep."

"Stop a minute. Is there any danger from snakes?"

"Nonsense, child! nobody ever heard of a snake on these mountains, where the balsam is the natural growth. Go to sleep, rest easy, and dream of Alexander's pretty daughters at the other end of the creek. I'll throw a maple-leaf into the Branch, with your love; it may get there some day. It's about as likely to as you are to get one of them."

Then, with the soft, rich odor of the balsam coursing through our lungs, the rippling music of the little rill, and the sighing of the trees above singing in our ears, we slipped away to sleep.

H. E. COLTON.

AN INTERVIEW WITH PRIM.

LIKE Lincoln, Prim falls just as his work is done, just as he has guided the state through a great revolution. Both were hated alike by Tories and dreamers; both were upheld by the masses. Like Napoleon in France, Prim had the rare union of judgment and nerve that enabled him to see and to do what each instant needed.

Whether his aims were unselfish depends on definitions. In a land where the army is every thing, he, thirty years ago, saw that the future belonged to liberal views, and cautiously so said. The only general of known progressive feeling, the progressists' hopes centred on him. While that party was down, he spoke and acted with great care, so as to win the love of the troops, keep the party's favor, and retain his rank. When the three liberal parties of Spain came into power, Prim came back from exile at their head, and, during the trying and eventful two years since, has toiled to found freedom of thought and expression firmly in ruined Spain, and at the same time to keep himself in power and fill his purse. All three he has somewhat done; and, having led the establishment of the new order of things, he passes from the stage as the king he has made steps on the soil he has helped to free.

On sailing for Spain from New York, in July, 1869, I received from Alfred H. Love, of Philadelphia, president of the American branch of the Universal Peace Union, credentials as vice-president of the Union, together with a copy of resolutions and committee action against Cuban privateers. In a letter enclosing them he said:

"The latest action please communicate to the Spanish powers, and give us a report of its reception."

At Barcelona, in October, I asked Carlos Fernandez de Castro-verde, Director of Academic Instruction, if Prim would see me, as my mission was unofficial though friendly.

"Yes," said he; "Prim is accessible, especially to Americans, whom he likes; but it may take two or three days to gain admittance. The door-keeper will probably tell you 'He does not receive to-day, call to-morrow.'"

In Valencia, the bright-eyed boy who drove me from the port to the town in a two-wheeled cart, with round canvas top, crimson curtains fore and aft, and black-leather seats along the sides, told me as we bowled along the stone road past gardens, and vineyards, and fields dotted with stone houses, that Prim was suspected of seeking to bring

back the hated Bourbons in the person of the Duke de Montpensier. This suspicion was at one time wide-spread. He was, on the other hand, charged with republican leanings. Be his faults what they may, he has given a good example to Spanish politicians by being true to his public pledges.

On reaching Madrid, I inquired at my hotel where General Prim could be found, and was told at the Ministerio de la Guerra, or War Department, he being Minister of War and President of the Council of Ministers, or, as we should say, prime-minister. The landlord failed to give more than a vague idea of the direction, so I sallied forth in that which he pointed out, and emerged on a broad street that runs west from the Prado, or Fifth Avenue of Madrid, to the semi-circular Puerta del Sol, or Sun-gate Place, where the City Hall stands.

I walked up to the first gentleman I met, and said, in Spanish:

"Sir, I am an American gentleman, and seek General Prim."

He pointed to a street that ran diagonally across the one wherein we stood toward the Prado. This led into a second broader avenue parallel with the first. After another inquiry I reached the Ministerio, a large square building, of light-gray stone, standing at some height above the street. Passing the scarlet-uniformed sentry at the gate, I walked up a paved path through a large garden, mounted two flights of steps, and reached a high archway, where a sentry paced and a corporal's guard lounged. Beyond appeared a great stone-floored courtyard in the middle of the building; opposite where I stood, another archway gave a glimpse of another street. Turning to the right, a broad flight of marble steps led to the second floor. At the landing idled a second guard. To the right a door stood open, passing through which a second door appeared on the right again. To the left, at a desk, sat a pompous-looking, fat, short man, to whom I spoke, but who did not seem to understand, and pointed to a burly fellow of forbidding look, who stood keeping the inner door (which was covered with green baize), and shut out with a frown every one who sought entrance, except now and then an officer. Finding my Spanish unequal to the occasion, I said to him:

"I am an American gentleman, and would like to see some gentleman who speaks French."

After shrugging his shoulders, frowning, and protesting, he went in, and directly opened the door with an invitation to come in.

The room was large, high, and richly figured with red and gold. Deeply-recessed windows looked out on the garden, and were hung with curtains of crimson velvet. Lounge-chairs and sofas of the same covering were scattered about, and a great battle-piece covered the farther wall. Below it was a desk, about which a group of officers chatted. A little gentleman in civilian's dress, with a cigarette in his mouth, asked me, in French, what I wished.

"I am an American, and have business with General Prim; is it possible to see him?"

"Not to-day; call to-morrow at eleven, and he will receive you."

"Shall I leave my card?"

"Certainly; it will be sent to him."

I wrote on a card: "I am the bearer of a friendly message from the American branch of the Universal Peace Union, and seek an interview to communicate it;" gave it to him, and took leave.

At eleven the next morning I remounted the wide stairs. When I reached the landing the officer gave command, the guard sprang to their feet, and came to a salute. Seeing every one else stepping toward the wall, I did so, and, looking round, saw, close behind, a short, stout gentleman, in plain black clothes and beaver hat, with iron-gray hair and mustache, followed by a dozen officers in uniform, and a guard. He touched his hat in acknowledgment of the salute, and passed into the first room. A moment later I entered and asked the doorkeeper for the gentleman who spoke French. He showed me in. At the desk sat a handsome young officer, with short brown hair, mustache, and goatee, leisurely writing. I said to him:

"I was here yesterday, and left my card for the general; is he here?"

"Yes," said he, without looking up; "your card was given him yesterday; you had better ask the American minister to present you."

"My business is not from the American Government, and it is not worth while to trouble the American minister with it; I was told yesterday to call at this time, and that the general would see me."

"Yes, but he is unexpectedly busy. Write a letter stating your object, and you will receive an answer at your lodgings."

"I should much prefer to present my matter in person; it will be more satisfactory to the body I represent."

"Well, write and ask when he will see you."

"Can you send in such a note now?"

"No; bring it to-morrow."

"I was told yesterday that he would see me to-day; I should like at least to know to-day when he will see me."

Knowing something by Washington experience of the airs taken by great men's servants, and that such answers are mostly given to save themselves trouble, I had reasons for persistency. After some further discussion he wrote something on a sheet of gilt-edged note-paper, placed it in an envelope, handed it to a messenger, who disappeared at once behind a crimson curtain that overhung a high doorway nearly behind the desk, and said:

"I have sent your name to the general; wait a few moments, and we will see when he can receive you."

"Thanks. Does he speak English?"

"No; but talks French."

Almost instantly the messenger returned, and, lifting the curtain, asked me to enter. I found myself in a second room like the first, but darker and more deeply curtained. He led the way through a third room, like the second, and, throwing back a heavy door, ushered me into a spacious apartment filling the northwest corner of the building. Not a sign of richness here; not a curtain on one of half a dozen great windows; not a touch of gilding or color on the bare walls. One library-table stood on the right of the door. Between it and the wall sat a middle-sized man, not the least Spanish in look, not the least like the gentleman whom I had seen come in with an escort. This man looked like a German and the head of a bureau, with a half-worn, greenish-black coat, an old pair of steel spectacles, short, black, curly hair, sprinkled with gray, and standing up as if its owner often ran his fingers through it, and a bright-blue thread twining itself among the ambrosial locks that overarched his unconscious brow.

He rose hastily as I entered, and put out his hand. In astonishment hardly hidden, I asked:

"Is this General Prim?"

He assented with a low bow, and begged me to seat myself at the other side of the table. I did so, and said:

"I have credentials from the Universal Peace Union. This league, in my country, has publicly protested against war with Spain, and against the fitting out in the United States of Cuban privateers. Its president has directed me to inform you of these facts, and to assure you that our efforts to this humane end will go on."

I then showed him my credentials, the papers already named, and the resolution of the annual meeting at New York, in May, 1869 (offered by John B. Wolff, of Colorado), "That no consideration of justice or national policy can justify a war with Spain," the latter authenticated by my signature as secretary of the meeting; explaining the meaning of each.

As he looked at the documents and listened, I saw that he was shrewd, sly, wrinkled, careworn, and harassed. He looked about fifty-five, simple, stern, and relentless, though courteous.

To examine the writings he took up a pair of eye-glasses with broken tortoise-shell frame, and put them on his nose behind his spectacles. When he understood their meaning he smiled, bowed, and said:

"Please return my thanks to your society for its good offices. I have been in America, and remember with gratitude and pleasure the kindness and courtesy I met with there. The Government of Spain is anxious to end the state of war in Cuba, and to prevent barbarities while it lasts; but both, especially the latter, are far from easy."

"It would please my society if I could present my message to the regent in person. Is there an opportunity?"

"Yes; call at the palace, and he will receive you."

I then handed him the *Journal de Genève*, pointing out my letter to Victor Hugo, which contained a protest against the attitude of the International League of Peace and Liberty (taken at its then recent congress at Lausanne) in demanding revolution before peace, which demand defeated disarmament, and made the present war possible.

He read it with evident interest, and, when he reached the statement that the revolutionary position of the friends of freedom caused the fear that kept up standing armies, he laughed and said:

"Yes, yes, they want a general upsetting; nothing else will satisfy them."

"Will you give me a written acknowledgment that I have performed my mission?"

"Yes; send me a letter stating what you have told me, and I will file and acknowledge it."

When I rose he did the same, rang the bell, and the messenger opened the door. I said:

"It has been suggested that I should issue an address to the people of Spain on behalf of the Peace Union (having already addressed the government), urging them to abstain from civil war, and settle all their differences peacefully. What do you think of that?"

He started back, looked up sharply at me, and said:

"You can publish what you please; we have liberty of the press here."

As during the rebellion just put down he had suppressed twenty daily papers in Madrid alone, this was slightly comic.

Repressing a smile, I replied:

"Yes; but I wish to do naught that may embarrass the government in its difficult task. As far as such an address might be read, it seems to me that it would help both government and people. But, before acting, I desire to know your opinion, for I do not wish to say what you would disapprove."

"Thank you," said he. "It will be best to publish it, for it could not embarrass and might help us. Pray let me see it before publication."

"Shall I have then another opportunity to see you before leaving Madrid?"

"Yes, yes; come when you please, I shall be glad to see you if I can."

I then took leave. A day or two afterward a ministerial crisis took place in regard to the choice of a king. Several ministers resigned, and Prim took on himself, in the hope of reconciling them to remain in the cabinet, the temporary discharge of part of their duties rather than hastily make new appointments. Under these circumstances I scarcely expected to see him again; but prepared the address (which Señor Diaz, Under-Secretary of State, kindly translated into Spanish) and the letter.

The day before leaving for Paris I called again and left the letter, with a photograph of himself, and a request that he would put his signature beneath it. Receiving no reply at my hotel, I concluded that the letter had been overlooked in the pressure of business, and called in the morning. The civilian-employé already mentioned said Prim had worked from eight in the morning till eleven the previous night; the night before till two A. M.; and that he was admitting no one. I said I wished my answer and photograph. After much explanation and some delay, my name was sent in to the private secretary, who at once came out, and, on learning my errand, said the matter had escaped attention. He stepped in and brought out the photograph with Prim's signature attached, and said:

"I give you a portrait of the general; wait a moment and I will give you something more;" and quickly went out.

The officials passed the photograph about among themselves with exclamations of evident astonishment. A marked increase of respect was visible in their manner.

The secretary soon returned from the archives, and, passing into the room of the President of the Council of Ministers of Spain, brought out, with his chief's signature, the following note:

"PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS, }
MADRID, November 1, 1869. }

"MR. J. K. H. WILLCOX:

"I have received your letter of yesterday, and much regret that the pressure of my duties makes it impossible to see you.

"At the same time I wish to convey my thanks for the sentiments you express on behalf of the Universal Peace Union as its worthy vice-president. You may say to its members that the Spanish Government cordially accords with every benevolent movement.

"Begging you to accept the assurances of my esteem, I am,

"Yours, very respectfully,

"JUAN PRIM."

Prim at this time suffered under a chronic disease. This and overwork (which was plainly telling on him) probably weakened him,

so that the shock of bullets was more than he could outlive. The honors that are done him he earned; the errors he made he could hardly avoid.

JAMES K. HAMILTON WILLCOX.

THE DERBY COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS.

SOME time last summer, Mr. Henry W. Derby, of this city, went abroad for the purpose of making a selection of paintings of the French and Belgian schools. So successful was he that he was able to gather a collection which surpasses, both in merit and representative interest, any thing of a similar character that has ever before reached our shores, and which, having been added to the Fall Exhibition of the Academy of Design, is now accessible to the public.

We find, in this collection, works by such men as Baron Henri Leys, Blaise des Goffes, Rousseau, Maréchal de Metz, Ziem, Van Marcke, Alfred Stevens, Merle, Bouguereau, Tassaert, Brion, Jules Dupré, Emile Lafond, Fromentin, Daubigny, Baron, Charles Jacques, Bréton, Edouard Frère, Tschaggien, Willems, Gallait, Koek-Koek, Backalowitz, Comte Calix, Leyendecker, Diaz, Isabey, Boutibonne, and others, less noted.

Without pretending to give an exhaustive critique on a collection where all the examples are excellent, and whose entire consideration would far exceed our space, we desire to excite public attention toward certain of the most highly-important works, and thus open the entire collection to that study and examination which it so richly deserves.

Specially characteristic of the artist are the two paintings by BOUGUEREAU, "Spring" and "Autumn." Here we have the rich ripeness of color and the fulness of form peculiar to the best child-painter of the century. Although, in these pictures, the two babies occupy, as it were, subordinate positions, yet they are made to predominate through their perfect faithfulness to Nature and their actual vitality. Cupidesque and delicious, they occupy and sustain the attention of the observer to the exclusion of their surroundings, which are, nevertheless, faithful and suggestive in design and treatment. These paintings were exhibited at the Exposition of 1867, and were highly commended.

VAN MARCKE. A large painting, representing a mountain-scene, down whose rugged road, and over whose rude bridge, struggle ox-teams, spurred on by their teamsters. There is a massive and sturdy energy and dogged perseverance depicted in the heaving flanks and heads writhing under the yoke, which are at once recognized as eminently characteristic. The scene is natural and artistic, and gives ample evidence of the powers which have brought Van Marcke to his high position and reputation as a cattle-painter. He was a pupil of Troyon, and resembles that master in his work.

TSCHAGGNY, EDMOND. A sheep-picture. Accustomed to the delicate touch of Verboeckhoeven, we had yet to see this animal painted with vigor and perfect truth. Not only is the soiled and matted wool a marvel of execution in detail, but the true sheepish and fatuous expression is so retained in the faces of the animals that you seem to be gazing upon the group from a window. The simple accessories—the rulle fence, the little peasant-girl who tends her charge, the tone of the sky, subdued to bring in bolder relief the principal figures—are all true to Nature, and worthy of the highest commendation as efforts of art.

BARON HENRI LEYS, an artist who has, we believe, but one other illustration of his work in this country, is well represented by "The Message"—an interior of some quaint old mediæval apartment; a lady standing, her face reflected in a mirror, engaged in reading a note; and the messenger, a slight and graceful page, leaning, with plumed hat in hand, upon a harpsichord. In the background, in an elevated oratory, as it would appear, a female figure is dimly perceived, apparently sitting engaged over some feminine labor with the needle.

This painting grows upon you as you study it, and chiefly from the strange effect of light, which, proceeding from some window in the background, shimmers through the oratory in a mild flood of radiance, bringing into relief and elaborating by contrast the architectural and other features of the room. The two principal figures are full of easy grace, rich in warm color, and natural in pose and occu-

pation. The tapestry on the walls, the painted figures dimly seen in the distance, and the old-time furniture, are all to the life, and highly suggestive. The mode of treatment peculiar to this artist has given him the name of the Belgian pre-Raphaelite, though it is difficult to our minds to associate his work with that of Millais and Holman Hunt.

Born in 1815, Henri Leys was a member of the Royal Academy of Berlin, a commander of the Order of Leopold, and his paintings—since his death, a few years since—are the most difficult to obtain of any modern artist. An historical painter of high reputation, he is chiefly noted for his absolute accuracy in mediæval costumes and accessories, and for his marked originality in composition and grouping.

KOEK-KOEK. A fine landscape, showing broad conception and poetic idea in composition, with masterly art in delineation. The scene is eminently pleasing; the middle distance, in particular, being noteworthy for the broad grasp of expanse in a limited space, and with the simplest form of artistic means. The extreme distance is painted with every suggestion of appreciation, while the foreground is worked up with a just perception of the meaning of Nature, without too minute copying of her forms.

CARL HOF is a new German artist, his latest work being painted during the present year. We mistake if this artist do not achieve a reputation the highest in his school of all present painters. The picture before us, "The Unexpected Return," is the best exponent of a class of art of which Meissonnier illustrates the more morbid and eccentric features. A composition of figures, in which some central idea is illustrated by its apparent influence upon different physiognomies, and the actions of different individuals, is quite worthy of the painter's genius for elaboration. But, when all breadth of effect is belittled by minutie of detail, and the sentiment of the work becomes lost in the microscopical delineation of mere accessories, the painting ceases to be a work of art, and is only a daguerreotype, more or less perfect. The present artist, while pursuing the design indicated by the title of his work, has not wasted his labors on insignificant accuracies, but has, instead, presented a broad and truthful scene, full of thought and character, and most felicitous in individual action and expression.

The sudden and unannounced arrival of a gay cavalier, surprising a brilliant and interesting family party at the latter course of a well-spread feast, has startled one, who is evidently his betrothed, from her equanimity, and surprised the others into natural and well-expressed manifestations of astonishment and delight. Meanwhile, the ruling idea being kept in the foreground, there is not the least negligence perceptible in the attention to details. On the contrary, they are wrought out with surprising fidelity, and with sufficient minuteness to give one interesting and pleasurable study, while they enhance without hiding the main theme of the picture. In lavish luxuriance of color, in graphic excellence and judiciousness of composition, and in vigor and characteristic fidelity of treatment, as well as in originality of conception, this picture excels any other we have ever seen here exhibited of a similar character.

E. VOLTZ. A large canvas, on which is depicted a scene common enough, and whose natural features are preserved with life-like accuracy. A scattered drove of cattle are slowly retreating homeward before a storm, and in their wayward movements follow the customary habits of the animal as seen under such circumstances. Every incident in the scene is followed with fine art, and a thorough conception of the design. The individuality displayed by the cattle, so characteristic of them; the still pool of water in the foreground; the little dwelling, half hidden by trees, on the left; the bold, natural effect of the storm-clouds, altogether make up a broad and graphic picture, quite worthy to introduce to us this able and conscientious artist.

BLAISE DES GOFFES. His fidelity to Nature, and marvellous exactitude in detail are extraordinary manifestations of art. As a painter of still life, and in his capacity for defining the exact character and texture of the article or stuff he is depicting, he stands preëminent. The picture exhibited, "Still Life and Flowers," is a favorable specimen of his work. A jewel-case, a jewel-hilted dagger, a crystal vase of pleasing form, an agate or cornelian vase, ornamented in gold enamel; a small ivory statuette, a bunch of flowers, and a quaintly-painted china salver—with these aids, the artist has composed a group more interesting than are usually seen in these lifeless sub-

jects, and certainly presenting every possible charm of faithful adhesion to the character of the originals, and to harmony in the grouping.

MARÉCHAL DE METZ, an artist who ranks first in his school in Europe, and who has painted no more worthy examples of his power than these two remarkable paintings in pastel, considered the finest of their kind in the world. They are: "Christopher Columbus chained on board his Vessel," and "Galileo observing the Stars," painted for Prince Napoleon, who received and refused extraordinary offers for them from Lord Elcho and others. They were exhibited at the Exhibitions of London and Paris, attracted great attention, and are widely known throughout Europe.

In the one, Columbus crouches low on the deck of his vessel, manacled and chained, and, with head sunk in his hands, ruminates bitterly on the injustice of the world to which he had given a continent.

In the other, the great astronomer reclines at night upon a couch before an open window, and with a small telescope watches the stars, while he notes their movements and position in an ancient manuscript volume before him. A cold flood of night-light partially illuminates his figure, and renders hardly visible the feeble flame of the small lamp by whose light he works; a frugal lunch and flask of wine is placed at hand, and, this being all of accessory there is, nothing robs from the prominence of the grand figure, a chief phase in whose life is thus depicted.

In these two extraordinary pictures we are brought to the consideration of themes calculated to rouse our highest interest, since they are delineated with skill and genius worthy at once the subject and the master. Few would believe that such masterly genius and vigor could find translation through such a medium as is here used. With no brilliancy of color, broad distance, or extraordinary utilization of the resources of *chiaro-scuro* to aid the painter, we have here produced a grand and worthy conclusion through the simplest instrumentalities. These two paintings deserve, and will doubtless receive, the most earnest and conscientious consideration from our connoisseurs and art-critics.

ROUSSEAU. A characteristic landscape by this master, whose treatment of earth, sky, atmosphere, and perspective, is at once broad, effective, and original. The small canvas before us is full of the peculiarities of the artist, and will be certain to arouse interest and curiosity.

BARON H. Several small cabinet pictures, of which the best is "The Petitioner;" a most pleasing group, full of character and action. Brilliant in color, and full of light and radiance, with a warm tone, the special attribute of this painter, this little work is one of the gems of the collection.

GALLAIT. "The Troubled Conscience." No more charming picture by this remarkable artist has ever been exhibited in this country. A suppliant, confessing her sins in evident agony of terror and remorse, kneels at the feet of a holy father, whose sad and pained countenance expresses a peculiar and earnest sympathy with the sinner and the crime. The artist's genius is powerfully shown in the utter abandonment of grief on the one hand, and the strong and manly, yet human and tender appreciation on the other. In its grasp of the special features of the subject, and in intensity of feeling and earnestness of meaning, this picture should be specially noted.

ISABEY. "The Duel," a scene in a forest, is marked with that lavish yet truthful vitality which marks the works of this artist. The scene is indeed life-like, and the animated character of the contestants, is made more perceptible by the surroundings of forest-shade and twilight gloom, amid which their brilliant costumes and fell purpose seem alike incongruous and misplaced.

BILLET. A scene representing a group of "Card-Players" is full of interesting play of feature, and is artistically worked up and naturally composed.

But, space failing for special remarks on other paintings in this exhibition, we must be satisfied with pointing especially to such as are most noteworthy, leaving our readers to attest our selection or confute it by their own taste. Such seem to be—

J. L. BROWN's two "Hunting Scenes;" large paintings, full of animation and life-like.

ALFRED STEVENS. Picture of a young lady, apparently a prima-donna at rehearsal, which will bear examination.

JACQUES. An enormous canvas, sustaining sheep, tended by a peasant, which would be most highly considered but for comparison with the painting by TSCHAGGEN, before considered.

BRION. "The Skittle-Players."

CHAPLIN. A most charming figure of a girl and cupids; brilliant in color, and vivid in the modelling of flesh and the glow of youthful beauty.

Two paintings by EDWARD FRÈRE are fair examples of his style, but not equal to others of this artist which have been previously exhibited.

BOUTIBONNE, FROMENTIN, ZIEM, and others, will attract, as favorable specimens of well-known artists.

SLANDERED NEIGHBORS.

ANIMALS, like men, are often sadly misjudged. Some are praised and honored for imaginary virtues, which they never possessed; and others are hated and persecuted, who are far better than their reputation. This is especially the case with animals which are not directly useful to man. He sees every virtue in those he has domesticated, because they render him manifold services; but the poor, nocturnal animals, which are forced to go in search of their food under the shelter of darkness, whose life is unknown to him, and whose forms are not pleasing to his eye—these he views with disgust and persecutes with unrelenting severity. Popular legends connect them with evil spirits; superstition endows them with marvellous but malignant powers, and gross ignorance ascribes to them a thousand misdeeds and grievous crimes, of which they are not only innocent, but utterly incapable.

And yet it is not only the duty of man, but all-important to his success in garden, field, and forest, that he should know which are his friends and which his foes among the countless hosts by which he is constantly surrounded. He may kill his best friends, thinking them his enemies, as the Italians do, when they slaughter mercilessly the little birds, which we import at considerable cost and entertain with lavish hospitality, or he may admire and cherish beautiful creatures, which in reality are either utterly useless, or actually his worst enemies. Nor can he ever hope to be as successful in his crusades against really dangerous foes as the agents are which Nature herself has appointed for the purpose. All the professional rat-catchers of England do not destroy as many rats in a year as the owls of a single county do in a month; to say nothing of the fee they demand, while the owls do their work without charge. The difficulty becomes still greater, when the enemy is almost invisible, as is the case with many worms and maggots, which escape our observation, while the marvellously sharp eye of the bird or the insect, that feeds on them, sees them at a glance. Thus a renowned naturalist, Fabre, of Avignon, noticing that a certain wasp always chose a large black beetle, in order to use its fat body as a depository for its eggs, was very desirous to procure one or two of these unlucky creatures. To make quite sure of the species, he managed first to rob the wasp several times of its prey on its return to the nest; but in ten minutes, on an average, the indefatigable wasp invariably brought a new victim home. Then the professor himself went on his hunt, armed with his supreme intelligence and all the ingenious contrivances devised by man's wit for the purpose. What was the result? After two days' incessant work in vineyards and clover-fields, searching through meadows and hedge-rows, stone-heaps and waste strips of land, he returned, crestfallen, with three wretched specimens in such a state of mutilation that no wasp would have thought them worth catching!

Men speak much of the calm peace that reigns in Nature! Peace forsooth! It is all war, incessant, merciless warfare, throughout all the realms of Nature. Men lie on the soft, green moss, under the dim shadow of wide-spreading branches, near the bank of a purling brook, at the hour when the great Pan is asleep, and all seems peace and harmony to them. But nothing is more treacherous than this impression. That tiny, bright-colored bird, which the eye follows with delight as it flits from branch to branch, ever and anon uttering a sweet, low note, is bent upon murder, and is all eagerness to catch the golden flies sunning themselves on the green leaves. The wood-

pecker, whose busy, merry knocking is heard from afar, feasts upon worms and beetles which he tears ruthlessly from their dark homes; and the beautiful dragon-flies, which dash merrily, and as if in mere wanton sport, across the bright water, are even then pursuing their own brethren with hideous voracity. Is the ibis, whom the old Egyptians worshipped as a deity; is the stork, viewed by thousands with a feeling of almost sacred awe; is the swallow, to whom we grant a home under our own roof-tree, less of a murderer than the buzzard whom we nail ignominiously to our barn-door, or the mole whom we kill without remorse, whenever we meet him on his nightly wanderings?

Among the prejudices cherished by the masses against harmless animals, few are stronger than that felt almost universally against bats, arising probably from the simple fact that they are children of the night, and forced to carry on their search after food in darkness. It may be, however, that their peculiar hideousness has given additional strength to this feeling, for the Jewish legislation already declared them unclean and accursed, and the Greeks borrowed their wings for the harpies, as Christians have done for the devil. A poor, lost bat need but fly into a room filled with company, and everybody is frightened. Superstitious people tremble at their mere presence as an evil omen, and the stronger-minded among the fair excuse their terror by a pretended fear for their hair—an apprehension which could be well founded only, if the accounts of insects being harbored in their chignons should be verified. It is true, these children of darkness are neither fair in form nor amiable in temper. The naked, black skin of their wings, stretched out between enormously-lengthened fingers, like the silk of an umbrella between the whalebone of the frame, the ugly claws of their hind-feet, the bare appendages which frequently adorn their noses and ears in the most eccentric manner, and their perfectly noiseless, almost mysterious flight by touch, and not by sight—all these peculiarities combine to make them unwelcome guests among men.

And yet they are real public benefactors. When the first warm sun of spring arouses them from their long winter sleep, which they enjoy hanging by their hind-feet, head down, and the whole body carefully wrapped up in the wide cloak of their wings, they begin their night hunts. A dozen fat beetles barely suffice for the supper of a hungry member of one variety, and sixty to seventy house-flies for one of another kind. All night long they pursue with indefatigable energy every variety of beetle and moth, of fly and bug, and enjoy most of all those which do the greatest injury to our fruit-trees and cereals. Even the only really formidable member of their race, the vampire, is much maligned; a gigantic bat, accused of sucking the blood of man and beast, it is strictly confined to a small district in the tropics, and even there occurs but rarely.

As bats are the indefatigable hunters of the air, so moles are incessantly at work underground. At the first glance, they show their admirable adaptation for a life beneath the turf. Their thick, round body, with its close, silky fur-coat; their sharp-pointed snout, with a long, exquisitely-sensitive trunk, like that of a miniature elephant; their broad, spade-like feet; their almost invisible eye, hid under a forest of stout hairs, and the absence of an external ear—all fit them for their active life and fierce warfare in utter darkness. They move in sandy soil at least as swiftly as a fish in water, and they are true Ishmaelites, having no friends among other animals, nor, their mates alone excepted, among their own kindred. The common prejudice, however, that they injure gardens and fields by gnawing roots, is utterly unfounded. This is easily proved, for, as of men, Brillat Savarin could say: "Show me what you eat, and I will tell you who you are!" so of animals we can say: "Show us their teeth, and we will tell you what they eat!" The mole has not less than twenty-four good-sized teeth: some, eye-teeth, shaped like sharp daggers; others, molar teeth, resembling a combination of formidable saws. Such destructive instruments are not given to vegetarians. Nevertheless, farmers and gardeners assert almost universally that moles are graminivorous—another proof of the utter falseness of the old saying, "*Fox populi, vox Dei*." For, next, naturalists have examined the stomachs of moles, and what did they find? Not a trace of vegetable food, but an abundance of half-digested earthworms, large quantities of hard, brown scales, and horny shields, and remnants of caterpillars and worms innumerable. In order to demonstrate the fallacy of the common prejudice beyond all doubt, Flourens, the secretary of the

Academy of Sciences, in Paris, put two moles into a cage, with an ample supply of roots and beets for their food. The next morning he found the roots untouched, but only one mole; the other had been devoured by the survivor! A few hours later, the poor mole showed signs of weakness and exhaustion; a bird was put into his cage, and instantly the mole rushed upon the poor sparrow, disembowelled him, and did not rest till he had eaten more than half of his body. After his repast, he appeared once more plump, and became quite lively. The same experiment was several times repeated, till one night the mole was left in its cage with a large supply of lettuce, cabbage, and beet-roots. The next morning it was found dead; it had died of starvation! The only injury which moles really do is caused by their long passages and frequent mole-hills, by which roots are loosened and meadows disfigured; but this stands in no proportion to the incalculable benefit they bestow upon man by destroying the numerous enemies of plants in gardens and fields, which dwell underground, and are invisible to human eyes, especially worms, maggots, and so-called mole-crickets. Of these they consume daily more than half their own weight! Hence it is that skilful gardeners, after having overcome the old-fashioned prejudice against toads, which now are carefully kept as the best protection of the most valuable plants, also begin to appreciate the merits of moles, and actually purchase them in early spring, to make them useful in cleaning their gardens and fields both thoroughly and promptly.

Another animal, unjustly despised and mercilessly persecuted, is the hedgehog, a perfectly harmless creature, fond of peace and goodwill among neighbors, and quite a titbit to the palate of French peasants. Fast asleep during winter in its warm, cosy bed, under a large stone or the interlaced roots of a tree, it comes forth in early spring to hunt for its prey along hedge-rows and sunny banks. Its peculiar endowment is a powerful muscle under the skin, which enables it to roll itself up into a perfect ball, presenting on all sides a formidable array of sharp-pointed quills. The air of defiance which this gives to the poor, helpless animal, seems to provoke the desire of boys especially, to compel a surrender. They are thrown into the water, they are tickled with reeds and thorns, and the most cruel means are employed to induce them to give up their defence, efforts which almost uniformly end in their death. To excuse the wanton cruelty, the innocent animal is charged with every kind of crime, and yet it little deserves such harsh treatment. It is true, the hedgehog is not exclusively carnivorous, as the bat and the mole; it loves a little fruit at times, and even finds its way into the dairy in search of cream and butter; but it does not, as many believe, climb into fruit-trees, gather pears and apples on its quills, and then triumphantly carry home its ill-gotten wealth to its young! It lives upon insects, snails, and beetles, which it either catches running, or digs out with its nose and its claws; above all, it is fond of field-mice. In this respect they are far more useful even than cats, and would have been long since domesticated but for their unpleasant odor and the great noise they make when out on their hunting-expeditions. If they lack agility and swiftness, they succeed by patience and cunning, and their boisterous efforts frighten away even more mice than they destroy, so that they are most useful in barns and stables.

Another striking peculiarity of hedgehogs is their insensibility to animal poisons, a privilege which rests by no means upon popular tradition only, but has been abundantly proved by repeated experiments. The great Russian zoölogist, Pallas, saw a pet hedgehog of his feast to its heart's content upon Spanish flies, although no other animal touches them, on account of their powerful acrid juice. A German naturalist placed repeatedly the most venomous of European serpents, a viper, into the same cage with a hedgehog, and in every instance the latter, though severely bitten by its agile and formidable adversary, finally obtained the victory and devoured the enemy. Other savants go still further, and claim that, like cockroaches, they can eat arsenic, opium, and corrosive sublimate, with impunity; but this remains to be authenticated. It is surely quite enough if the poor, persecuted creature destroys thousands of the most dangerous enemies which man has to encounter in tilling the ground, and, moreover, defies the ancient foe of his fall, the serpent. Instead, therefore, of the cruel treatment which it receives, it deserves to enjoy the same tender regard which we pay to useful domestic animals, the true and faithful friends of mankind.

SCHÉLE DE VERE.

TABLE-TALK.

WE do not escape, even at this late day, discussions as to the influence of war for good or evil. The other night, when listening to Mr. Robertson's comedy of "War," a very animated discussion between two of the characters as to the glory and the misery of war, recalled an eloquent passage in Alison's "History of the French Revolution," which, when it first appeared—we were then in our "green and salad days"—impressed and exalted us mightily. Referring to it as soon as convenient, it seemed worth while reproducing it here, for the sake of showing how fallacious are the arguments of the best writers in defence of what we hope in time to see recognized as nearly an unqualified misery. "That war," says Alison, "is an unbounded source of human suffering to those engaged in or affected by it, can be doubted by none. But is not suffering necessary to the purification of the human heart? Is it not in that ordeal that its selfishness, its corruptions, and its stains, are washed out? Have we not been told by the highest authority that man is made perfect by suffering? Is not misfortune, anxiety, and distress, the severe but solitary school of individual improvement? And what is war but anxiety, distress, and often agony, to nations? Its great and lasting effect is to counteract the concentration of human interests upon self, to awaken patriotic and generous affections, to rouse that generous ardor which, spreading from heart to heart, obliterates for a time the selfishness of private interest, and leads to the general admission of great and heroic feelings. Peace exhibits the enchanting prospect of rich fields, flourishing cities, spacious harbors, growing wealth, and undisturbed tranquillity; but beneath that smiling surface are to be found the rankest and most dangerous passions of the human heart. There it is that pleasure spreads its lures, and interest its attractions, and cupidity its selfishness. There are to be found the hard-hearted master and the reckless servant, the princely landlord and the destitute tenant, the profligate husband and the faithless wife. Amid war are to be seen the ravaged field and sacked city, the slaughtered multitude and famished group, the tears of the widow and the groans of the fatherless; but, amid all that scene of unutterable woe, the generous and noble affections often acquire extraordinary force; selfishness gives place to patriotism, cupidity to disinterestedness, luxury to self-denial, and heroic virtue arises out of suffering. . . . Peace may give men a larger share of the enjoyments and comforts of the world, but war often renders them fitter for a future state of existence." That some measure of truth may be discovered in all this, we will not question. There are very few evils, indeed, without their compensations; but it is no defence whatever of a misfortune to point out certain indirect advantages that may spring from it. We may console ourselves for what we suffer by reflecting upon those circumstances that mitigate the evil, but a misfortune is still an infliction notwithstanding our ingenuity in detecting or imagining certain favorable consequences. As

to the virtues which Alison eloquently depicts as arising from war, we dispute them nearly altogether. The effect of war is to intensify selfishness. It makes men reckless of their own lives, and reckless of the lives of others; it hardens them to suffering, renders them indifferent to calamity, and extinguishes all the nicer refinements of feeling and perception. Question any man who has served in war; elicit from him the facts of camp-life, the incidents of the battle-field, the circumstances of the march or the forage. We shall discover that here, and not under the "enchanting prospects of peace," are to be found "the rankest and most dangerous passions of the human heart." If war sometimes teaches self-denial, it as often permits self-indulgence. If in war occasionally the "generous and noble affections acquire extraordinary force," more frequently the rudest and most brutal instincts are developed, and innocent, gentle youth are transformed into profane, ribald, sensual, reckless men, most unfitted, the ordinary critic would suppose, "for a future state of existence." The idea of war being a discipline for heaven is certainly very original with the Tory historian, and might be commended to the consideration of the Evangelical Alliance. But the immoralities of war are too well known to need pointing out. The essential fallacy in the historian's eloquent sentences is the assumption that war alone affords full opportunity for self-abnegation and heroism, and that the consequences of uninterrupted peace are ease, selfishness, luxury, a sloth of mind, and a decay of virtue. Life under very few of its aspects exhibits this picture. Luxury, ease, and sloth, are, in the most prosperous conditions of a people, the fortune of very few; the great multitude need no wars to teach them self-denial, no fire and sword as means of a salutary distress, no slaughter to extinguish selfishness. Fortitude is the daily lesson of the poor. Self-suppression is the one unvaried experience of their lives. To labor, merely that they may eat; to undergo ceaseless hardships; to struggle with disease, and bear up under loss of loved ones—these are the unobtrusive, silent heroisms of the great bulk of mankind, and no new distress or agony can be needed to awaken those virtues which the historian describes. Even men of superior rank have always the severe discipline of life—misfortune, sickness, death—as the "salutary school of improvement." They need no "sacked cities, slaughtered multitudes, famished groups," to prepare them "for the duties of this life, or to fit them for a future state of existence." That certain luxurious men, who ever the "primrose paths of dalliance tread," may be stirred, awakened, and elevated by war, is doubtless true. And the approach of war often arouses a whole people into one sympathetic burst of patriotic enthusiasm. But the real effect of war is in the end to bring out the worst passions of men; and, for what good it may bestow with one hand, it sheds with the other a hundredfold of ruin, both physical and moral.

—When, a few years ago, a popular weekly journal, in this city, began to give publicity to many purely private and domestic matters, there was a general outcry against

it. The proprietors, however, discovering that where they lost one subscriber, on account of this objectionable innovation, they gained two, persisted in their purpose; and their success in chronicling the very small beer of society, the balls and parties given by the nobodies, the betrothals which no one but the persons concerned, one would suppose, could care about, the comings and goings of would-be fashionable people, has induced a very general imitation of the thing throughout the country. It would appear that this matter of social gossip has passed through the same experience that Pope assures us is the case with vice, which "we first endure, then pity, then embrace." Recently a journal, expressly devoted to recording the matters that in the old, dull times were supposed to be sacred to the home-circle, has appeared in New York under the title of *Our Society*, and in Philadelphia an evening paper has rushed into the public chronicling of strictly private affairs, with a boldness and dash that are enough to take one's breath away. But, while *Our Society* gives frankly full names, the Philadelphia reporter has not as yet ventured beyond initials. Initials, however, in his brilliant hands are more entertaining than Smiths and Browns and Robinsons discussed in prosaic English. *Our Society* tells us that "Mr. Matthew Bird, of West Twenty-second Street, visited his fiancée, Miss Mary E. Beatty, at her home in Norwalk, Conn., during the holidays." This is as direct, circumstantial, and matter-of-fact, as it is unnecessary, although we hope Mr. Bird enjoyed his visit. The Philadelphia fellow, in a more vivacious and delightful way, tells us that "Mr. S. H. L.—d thinks he is a particularly 'bright star,' to which the Woodbury ladies are irresistibly attracted." *Our Society* says that "Miss Kate Raymond, a charming young lady from Bordentown, N. J., is visiting her friend Miss Bordenhamer, of Fifth Avenue" (will the time come when our daily papers will have to be enlarged, to make room for this sort of intelligence?); but from Philadelphia we learn that "every one declares that the beautiful Miss L. E. is 'sweet.'" *Our Society*, in fact, is altogether behind its Philadelphia rival in spirit and vim. Its five columns, in the number now before us, of the names of ladies who received on New-Year's day, in New York, are about as bright and fresh as the directory. The list of ladies, and the days for their regular receptions, are not a whit more interesting, excepting to those people who go to it for their invitations. But the gossip of our sister-city is another thing. Here are a few more examples, which we transcribe for the edification of our readers: "Miss Mattie M.—o looks well in green plaid." "Miss E. Z. looked charming in her blue silk, last Monday." "Miss B. S., of Greene Street, is always pleasing to the gentlemen, and dresses with taste." "The charming Miss — was radiant at the sociable, on Thursday evening." "The beautiful Miss Anna S.—h, of Wallace Street, converses delightfully." "Three young gentlemen would like to know why Miss P. S. did not speak to them last Sunday?" (Is this query made in this manner by the three young gentlemen, to save letter-paper and postage, to insult a young lady, to show themselves asses, or is

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it the dire invention of the editor?) "Miss L. C. is fond of fruit-cake." "Miss P. C., of North Twenty-first Street, has lovely eyes." The reporter has as many favors for polite young gentlemen of the street and the *salon*, but with the men what little modesty remains disappears entirely, and names, in full, are paraded for our delectation. "Mr. Harry Rosenbaum," we are told, "looks *déjà* in his high hat." "Mr. Henry B. Neymer likes to dance the *Trois Temps*." "Mr. F. D. Howard sports a new high hat, which becomes him very much" (from which one may suppose that "high hats" and "new hats" are rare in Philadelphia society). "Mr. Cox, of Jefferson College, has handsome whiskers," but the "ladies say they would admire Mr. Frank Town better without his goatee;" and so on for over seventy paragraphs. How the Philadelphians like this sort of thing, we have no information; but the confidence with which the thing is published, would indicate that the editors know what they are about. It is reported, in this city, that *Our Society* is a success. People like so well to see their names in print, that they appear to take as much morbid delight in seeing themselves pilloried in this brazen fashion as a forger or a murderer experiences, it is said, in reading his own trial and sentence.

"Richelieu" seems to us the best of Bulwer's plays, if it is not the best acting drama of the century. It is adroitly managed as to story, character, and situations. It has a good love-story, well calculated to enlist the sympathies of an audience; it deals in intrigue, craft, plot, and counter-plot; it borrows dignity and derives interest from great historical names; the scene is laid at a period admitting of picturesque contrasts; it is full of fine dramatic surprises, and has some of the most telling situations the drama affords; it is coherent, deftly constructed, moving always with steady pace and growing force to its climax; it is designed in its literary excellence to please refined minds, and in its powerful scenes to arouse the interest of ordinary intelligences; it is, in brief, a play happily balanced throughout, so as not to be beneath culture or "caviare to the general." The part of Richelieu was first acted, our readers will probably recollect, by Macready, who made it one of his best renditions. Forrest, to our minds, is happier in this part than in any other. Edwin Booth is considered in Richelieu only second to his Hamlet. It is a part not difficult to play. There is no uncertainty in the character, no complex or contradictory motives, no springs that the ordinary plummet cannot sound. Any actor skilled in his profession ought to be able to make an impressive picture of it. The fine contrasts of sternness and humor, of cunning and courage, of tenderness and severity, of pride and humiliation, of ambition and patriotism, are entirely comprehensible, and can easily be managed. But, if the play possesses no intellectual difficulties, it affords opportunities for the exhibition of the highest dramatic genius. And hence all our leading actors like to play it. When Mr. Booth produced the play some years ago at "Winter Garden," we cannot say his performance altogether pleased us. It seemed raw and crude, noisy

and theatrical, and quite inferior to Mr. Forrest's more careful and artistic rendition. But as he is now acting it at his theatre there is great improvement. There is complete and elaborate filling in; there is admirable reserve of force, and consequent concentration of effect in the powerful situations; there is full and adequate expression of all the gradations of feeling and passion; there is complete and admirable individualization of the character. It is excellent to see Mr. Booth so studious, so advanced, so determined to achieve the fullest triumphs of his art. We would urge him to rid himself altogether of one defect, now not nearly so marked as in former years, but which still adheres somewhat, of laying too much stress on minor words, thereby rendering the delivery stiff and hard. In reading, the use of *staccato*, in lightly touching minor words, is important for a free, flexible, and agreeable utterance. Richelieu is produced superbly. It has been a long time in preparation, and every thing that scenic art could do to present a perfect picture of the era has been availed of. The pictorial feature of the representation is not allowed, however, to subordinate the actors, but is used skillfully and with rare taste to strengthen and aid them. "Richelieu," as it appears at Booth's Theatre, is a magnificent page out of a grand history; it is well worthy actors, scenic artists, and the attention of the most critical.

Scientific Notes.

Cave-paintings by Bushmen.

MR. GEORGE W. STOW, of Queenstown, South Africa, refers in a letter to the interesting subject of the old cave-paintings by the Bushmen, as follows: "During the last three years I have been making pilgrimages to the various old Bushman caves, among the mountains, in this part of the colony and Kaffraria; and, as their paintings are becoming obliterated very fast, it struck me that it would be well to make copies of them before these interesting relics of an almost extinct race are entirely destroyed. This gave rise to an idea in my mind, of collecting materials enough to compile a history of the manners and customs of the Bushmen, as depicted by themselves. I have, fortunately, been able to procure many fac-simile copies of hunting-scenes, dances, fightings, etc., showing the modes of warfare, the chase, weapons, disguises, etc. This promises to be a collection of very great interest. In some places, it is astonishing to what a degree of perfection some of the wild artists had arrived. I have found three different series of paintings, one over the other; and, as the most recent must be upward of fifty years old, the undermost are most probably very ancient. The colors are very permanent, and would last for ages, if not wantonly obliterated. Unfortunately, the Kaffir herds and others are constantly destroying them, and, by the time another generation has passed, few remains of them will be left. The pigments used in the caves were derived from ochreous concretions, abounding in some of the sandstones of the Karoo series of the interior of South Africa, as in the Rhinosterberg, Stormberg, and elsewhere. These concretions, when broken open, supplied the natives with paint-pots, and from among the several colors

of yellows, browns, reds, etc., the chocolate was selected for painting the human form in the caves."

The French *Académie des Sciences* has held its sittings regularly since the commencement of the siege of Paris, and the *Comptes rendus* has been published regularly every week. Every sitting is reported fully, and several numbers have had even more than the average number of pages. A large part of them is devoted to military science and to ballooning. The scheme put forward by M. Dupuy de l'Ome, was fully discussed and illustrated by copper-plates: an article contributed to the *Press*, by Mr. Giffard, the celebrated engineer, when reporting upon his aerial experiments as much as twenty years ago, has been reprinted. It was shown that Dupuy de l'Ome's experiment was almost of the same nature, and the *Académie des Sciences* has apologized for not publishing it in proper time. M. Dumas and M. Elie de Beaumont, although members of the former senate, now act in their capacity of *secrétaires perpétuels* of the Academy. M. Leverrier has not appeared at any of the sittings. M. Charles is most punctual in his attendance. Lectures are given at the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*, and are to be given at the *Collège de France*. No lectures have been given this session at the *Sorbonne*. Since the commencement of the siege, a few numbers only have been issued of the *Revue des Cours Scientifiques*; *Les Mondes* and *Cosmos* have been entirely suspended.

A large number of the animals at the *Jardin des Plantes* and *Jardin d'Acclimatation* have been sold and slaughtered for food, even the bears having now been sacrificed. The trees in the latter garden have been almost entirely cut down either for charcoal or for the necessities of the defence.

War Notes.

Gambetta.

THE world will think very highly of M. Gambetta when the war is over. He has been the one capable man whom France has produced. It is he that has continued the war. It is he that has lifted up the name and fame of France after the dishonor of Sedan. He has given his country, for three months, courage, unity, organization. He made the Army of the Loire, which was a very creditable army, and is even now fighting on, although at the critical moment it could not hold its ground against the discipline and steadfastness of the Germans. He found a general who was at least successful in one engagement, and had enough military knowledge to avoid a repetition of the blunders of McMahon. He has been blamed in England for interfering with D'Aurelles before he finally retreated from Orleans, and for proposing to inquire subsequently into the circumstances which led to that retreat. This blame is, we think, wholly unmerited. No civilian, having the whole fortunes of a great country depending on him, having by unceasing efforts got together and equipped and organized under the most discouraging circumstances an enormous army, would have learned, without a word of remonstrance, that the general he had chosen proposed to retreat at the very crisis of the fortunes of the nation. When D'Aurelles insisted that, as the general in command, he must know best, M. Gambetta at once acquiesced; but, so little did General d'Aurelles know his own mind, that he subsequently sent back to say that he thought he could continue the struggle with advantage.

But, although a government must allow a general to take a decisive step as to the necessity of which he can judge and the government cannot, it is nothing short of the duty of the government to inquire subsequently into the circumstances which have led to a great national mortification and calamity. But M. Gambetta, whose action is now the action of France, had to consider not only what would happen. He had to consider what would be the best course for France that he could take; and he has decided that he ought to go so far toward making peace as to propose an armistice. It must have cost him a deep pang to have brought himself to such a conclusion; but he has acted like a bold and honest man in not allowing his private feelings and interests to stand in the way of doing what he must have considered to be a painful public duty. Count Bismarck has freely blamed him and his colleagues for usurping the government of France, and preventing France from expressing its real feelings and wishes. All that can be said in reply is that France has amply ratified the decision of M. Gambetta. France did not want an armistice, or peace, or the meeting of a national assembly. It wanted war; it wanted to fight; if possible to save Paris, and to drive away the invader; and at least to regain honor and consideration in Europe. For this end it needed a man who would and could govern, who could raise armies and decide who should lead them; and such a man it found in M. Gambetta. He has doubtless committed numerous blunders, as he certainly has, whether intentionally or not, been audacious in his mendacity. But he has done what he offered to France to do, and what France wanted and allowed him to do.

Lorraine—1871.

I.

Sweetly the June-time twilights wane
Over the hills of fair Lorraine;
Sweetly the mellow moonbeams fall
O'er rose-wreathed cottage and ivied wall.
But never dawned a brighter eve
Than the holy night of St.-Geneviève,
And never moonlight fairer fell
Over the banks of the blue Moselle.
Richly the silver splendor shines,
Spangles with sheens the clustered vines,
And rests, in benediction fair,
On midnight tresses and golden hair.
Golden hair and midnight tress
Mingle in tender lovingness,
While the evening breezes breathe upon
Marie and Jean—and their hearts are one!
The spell of silence lifts at last—
"Marie, the saint's sweet day is past!
Her vesper-chimes have died away.
Where shall we be on New-Year's-day?"
With answering throb, heart thrilled to heart,
Hand met hand with sudden start.
For in each soul shone the blessed thought,
The vision fair of a little cot
Nestled beneath the lilac-spray,
Waiting the blissful bridal-day.
Low bowed in tearful silence there,
Their hearts rose up in solemn prayer;
And still the mellow lustre fell
Over the banks of the blue Moselle,
And still the moonlight shone upon
Marie and Jean—and their hearts were one!

II.

Six red moons have rolled away,
And the sun is shining on New-Year's-day.

Over the hills of fair Lorraine,
Heaps of ashes and rows of slain!
Where merrily rang the light guitar,
The angry trump of the red hussar
Flings on the midnight's shrinking breath
The direful notes of the dance of Death!
Underneath the clustered vines
The sentry's glittering sabre shines;
Over the banks of the blue Moselle,
Rain of rocket and storm of shell!
Where to-day is the forehead fair
Crowned with masses of midnight hair!
A summer's twilight saw him fall
Dead on Verdun's beleaguered wall.
Where, alas! is the little cot?
Ask the blackened walls of Gravelotte.
Under the lilac broods alone,
A maid whose heart is turned to stone;
Who sits, with folded fingers, dumb,
And meekly prays that her time may come:
Yet see! the Death-god's baleful stare,
And War's black eagle screams afar;
And lo! the New-Year's shadows wane
Over the hills of sad Lorraine.

Miscellany.

Literary Speakers.

THERE are many men who possess every gift by which the most brilliant after-dinner speakers are distinguished—imagination, wit, keen powers of ridicule, a polished style—all except one: sufficient strength of nerve to stand upon their legs for ten minutes in the presence of two or three hundred pair of eyes. At their desk, with a pen in their hands, these men are perhaps among the most thoughtful and suggestive of writers; and over a glass of wine, with half a dozen friends, the liveliest and most sparkling of talkers; but the instant they feel themselves on their feet, asking permission to propose a toast, or acknowledge their own health, they sink to the level of the ordinary stutters of commonplace. Thackeray belonged to this class. It was a positive torture to him to be called upon to make an after-dinner speech. "Why don't they get Dickens to take the chair?" he used to say, peevishly, when a deputation had just pestered him into attending their anniversary at the London Tavern. "He can make a speech, and a good one. I'm of no use. They little think how nervous I am; and Dickens does not know the meaning of the word." And this was the fact. Thackeray scribbled out a draft of all his speeches, and revised, and altered, and polished them as he did a chapter in "Pendennis" or a "Round About Paper," and then learned them by heart. But it was a thousand chances to one whether he got through half of what he had thus prepared, and, whether he did or not, he was like a toad under a harrow all the evening, and very seldom made the slightest play with his eloquence.

And this is generally the case with men of Thackeray's type. It was the case with Theodore Hook. In a club smoking-room the witty editor of *John Bull* would mount the table and keep a select circle of boon companions laughing for a couple of hours, by mimicking the style of most of our parliamentary orators, Peel, Palmerston, Croker, Althorp, "the brilliant Baron," Lyndhurst, Brougham, and Follett, reproducing their style, their thoughts, all their little affectations and tricks, with astonishing fidelity. Yet, when called upon to put a few sentences together at a Lord-mayor's din-

ner, the keenest wit in London was brought to the stand-still at his third sentence for a thought or a phrase, and never, it is believed, in his life, got beyond a dozen sentences. Pen in hand, Jeffrey was the most fluent of men. He threw off page after page of a slashing criticism for the *Edinburgh Review* in the course of the evening, without a single erasure or interlineation, without even a pause for a word. But at a dinner-table it was a mere chance of hit or miss whether his speeches were brilliant successes or contemptible failures; and, in the most important after-dinner speech that he was called upon to make, that of proposing the health of Charles Kemble when presenting him with a testimonial in the name of the City of Edinburgh, he broke down at the very outset of his speech, and had to sit in confusion and shame. Lord Lytton's speeches read well, but to listen to them as they fall from the lips of their author they are as flat as champagne in decanters. Goldwin Smith is ineffective. Anthony Trollope is surprisingly feeble, although, perhaps, now and then, as in his recent speech at the anniversary of the Newspaper Press Fund, you may trace a flash or two of the author of "Bartholomew Towers." Froude is as dull as an alderman. Edmund Yates is pert. Sala talks like a school-boy repeating a half-learned lesson. Tennyson, it is said, has never risked his reputation by the slightest attempt at any kind of eloquence; and Longfellow systematically refuses to touch a toast-list even with a pair of tongs. These names run so high and so low, in the ranks of literature, that one would be disposed to lay it down as a rule that poets, novelists, and historians, are not of the stuff that brilliant after-dinner speakers are made of. Their intellects are not sufficiently flexible. Their wit is not portable. Their nerves are too weak. Charles Dickens was, probably, the only exception to the rule; and, with Charles Mathews and Mr. Lowe, he was the best chairman in London. He never lost his balance. His wit was always sparkling. His strokes of humor never failed to tell. He was as much at his ease at the head of the table with two hundred guests, as he was in his own library-chair throwing off a page of dialogue between Mr. Grengious and Rosa. He did not know what nervousness was. "The first time I took the chair at a public dinner," he told one of his friends, "I felt just as much confidence as if I had done the same thing a hundred times before." And his fluency was equal to his self-possession. He was never at a loss for a happy expression, a bit of humor, or a telling anecdote.

A Levee of Charles V.

The court circles in Madrid have recently been indulging in a ghostly sort of picnic. The minister of state invited the diplomatic body to accompany him to the Escorial. The court journals give a decorous account of the expedition, showing how "they arrived at the royal seat in a vernal temperature, and at once directed themselves to the palace, which they visited with minuteness. They then passed to the grandiose monastery of St. Lawrence, which they went through, expressing their admiration of the rigid architecture of the immortal Herrera, the tapestries and other works of art contained in this eighth wonder of the world." Here the official account discreetly goes off into generalities, veiling the great event of the day. We have seen a letter from one of the participants in these Castilian high jinks, which enables us to supply the hiatus of the chronicler.

The party was introduced to the corpse of Charles V. himself, whose sarcophagus, in the great crypt under the chapel, had been opened for the occasion. There was a scaffold in front of the niche appropriated to the great Austrian,

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with ascending stairs, and the heavy coffin-lid was slid back on beams—disclosing the mortal shell of Charles Quint. The clothes had mouldered away, and some priestly tinsel was thrown over the mummy, to hide its dry, brown nudity. The chest was bare, massive, and drum-tight, giving a hollow sound when tapped, and still measured thirty-six inches, after the waste of centuries. The head was thrown back a little, and the forehead bound with a gold cloth. There were no eyes—only a pair of plastered-up pits. There was no nose—only a high, bony ridge, looking down into a brainless hollow. The mouth was merely a distorted, three-cornered hole, and the incisors had fallen down the yawning throat. But the chin was there as in life, thin and aggressive, with an unwholesome brown stubble on it yet, that looked wonderfully like the Titian in the Museo. The gay pleasure-party went up the latter in groups, and came down rather silent and thoughtful. The scintillant remark that emperors are but men, after all, was made in all the modern languages—for diplomats are never wasteful of wit.

They then moved off in a pensive procession to the toy-house of Charles IV., "whose preciousnesses," says the court journal, again becoming communicative, "they observed with attention, regaling themselves with an exquisite punch." They took the evening train for Madrid, loud in their praises of the delicate courtesy of Mr. Sagasta. This keen and witty intriguing doublet remembered the story of the Cid, who won his last battle the day after his death, strapped upright in his saddle, and must have thought how much more of majesty there would be in the imperial mummy of the Escorial, throned in the Palace of the Orient, than in any live princeling now open to a royal engagement.

Poor Humanity.

More than half a century since, the following lines were found in the Royal College of Surgeons, London, beside a skeleton remarkable for its symmetry of form. They were subsequently published in the London Morning Chronicle, and a vain effort made to ascertain the author, even to the offering of a reward of fifty guineas:

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was life's retreat;
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot
With dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor, hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here!

Beneath this mouldering canopy,
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void!
If social love that eye employed;
If with no lawless fire it gleamed;
But through the dews of kindness beamed;
That eye shall be forever bright,
When sun and stars are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke;
The silent tongue shall plead for thee,
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with the envied ruby shine?
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought—
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled,
To seek affliction's humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned—
These feet with angels' wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

Kaieteur Water-fall, Demerara.

The great Kaieteur Fall, recently discovered by Mr. Brown, has a clear descent, according to barometrical observations, taken simultaneously by Mr. Brown at the bottom, and by Mr. Mitchell at the top, of seven hundred and fifty feet. Above, the Potaro glides smoothly in a slight depression of the table of conglomerate sandstone, and disappears over the edge in a body which is estimated at eighty yards in width, and of depth uncertain in the centre, but shallowing rapidly toward either bank. When the fall was discovered, in April, 1870, the rocky channel was completely covered, and the stream must have had a width of at least one hundred yards. During the summer it diminishes in volume, and the Indians state that it continues to do so till October, when only the central and deeper portion, about one-third of the whole, remains. The best time, therefore, for a visit is in spring, at the end of what appears to be the rainy season of this elevated tract.

As the fall was seen by the exploring party who discovered it, nothing can be imagined more beautiful. The central portion, which is never dry, forms a small horseshoe, or re-entering angle, and the water in this part preserves its consistency for a short distance from the edge. But everywhere else, and here also at a few feet from the top, all semblance of water disappears; it breaks up, or blossoms, into fine foam or spray, which descends in the well-known rocket-like forms of the Staubbach and similar water-falls, but multiplied a thousand times, into a small dark pool, over a semicircular curtain. The cavern behind the fall is the home of thousands of swallows, which issue from it in the morning, and may be seen returning in their multitude at night. The fall itself is one vast descending column of a fine, dry-looking, snow-white substance, bearing a resemblance in color and consistency to the snow of an avalanche, but surpassing all avalanches in size and in the beauty of the forms taken by the material as it falls. Rainbows of great splendor were observed, one from the front of the fall in the morning, one from the summit in the afternoon; but this last reverted, forming a colored loop or ring, into which the whole mass seemed to precipitate itself, and disappear and dart out underneath, black and foaming at the gorge and outlet of the pool.

The Land of Flowers.

Florida—by far the largest and most accessible of our Atlantic States, the first among them to be settled by Europeans—remains to this day the most sparsely peopled. With a coast line of over five hundred miles on the Atlantic, and over six hundred on the Mexican Gulf, with several good harbors, and considerable inland navigation, she has hardly more inhabitants than square miles. Yet her natural attractions are certainly considerable. Her climate is semitropical, yet not excessively hot, being modified by breezes from the ocean and the gulf. Her timber is more abundant and accessible than that of any other State, while game and fish are nowhere else so abundant. Her soil is of unequal value, but much of it is decidedly fertile. It is too soon by many years to talk of draining her rich

swamps; but very much of what seems to be a casual view but white sand is really composed of minute marine shells, and produces large crops at a moderate cost. For the growth of fruits, she cannot be surpassed. Oranges of fine quality are produced in great abundance and at a good profit, though frost sometimes destroys fruit and tree together. Lemons, limes, peaches, figs, grapes, pomegranates, olives, blackberries, thrive admirably. Horned cattle, sheep, and swine, thrive and multiply on the wild grasses with little feeding and less care. Very large herds of cattle have cost their owners little besides the trouble of marking the calves so that they may be identified. Some raisers have each twenty-five thousand head or thereabout, and are rapidly enriching themselves by pasturing stock on everybody's land. The Confederate armies were largely supplied with beef from these magnificent herds. Whenever Florida shall be systematically cultivated, even in part, her cultivators will derive great advantage from the early maturing of their crops. Berries, fruits, vegetables, will be sent by daily lines of steamers to every great seaboard city months before those of the North will be ready for market. New potatoes in May, and fresh grapes in July, will command prices far exceeding those paid three months afterward.

The Fountain of Tears.

If you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years,
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and toiling and thirsting,
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces;
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion,
So gently and lovely and listless,
And murmurs a tune resistless
To him who hath suffered and hears—
You shall surely, without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart
broken,
And yield to the long-curbed emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes
Your face, as though some one had kissed
you;
Or think at least some one who missed you
Hath sent you a thought—if that cheers;
Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,
May pass for a tender word spoken:
Enough, while around you there rushes
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
Brim over, and baffle resistance,
And roll down bleared roads to each distance
Of past desolation and years,
Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
And leave you no past and no morrow:
For what man is able to master
And stem the great Fountain of Tears!

The New-York Cathedral.

The great Roman Catholic cathedral, covering the entire block between Fifth and Madison Avenues, and Fifth and Fifty-first Streets, is rearing its vast proportions above the ground-

level with increased rapidity. The entire area of ground occupied by the edifice proper is one and a half acres. In natural symbolism, the church "is founded upon a rock," the primeval strata backbone of Manhattan Island; very slight excavations were made to reach it. The huge enterprise, commenced a number of years ago, during the lifetime of the late Archbishop Hughes, is now progressing toward completion as rapidly as circumstances will admit, under the direction of Archbishop McCloskey. The time estimated as necessary to finish the work is about twenty years. At present considerably over one hundred men are employed in quarrying, stone-cutting, masonry, and general labor. The marble used is quarried at Pleasantville, on the Harlem Railroad, and is brought directly on the premises by a special branch track. It is of the very best quality for building purposes, being of fine, large crystals, of an even consistency and uniform color. Some of the blocks are very heavy, weighing from ten to fifteen tons each. The progress of operations during the past summer season has been much more rapid than previously. An additional number of mechanics are to be employed during the winter in the carving and trimming of stone. The walls have now reached a height of fifty-four feet to the triforium, and are ready to receive the cornices and parapet.

A Voice of the Time.

By FRANK BROWN.

By Folkheim's bending vines and corn
The broad Rhine rolls over silvery sands,
And there in his porch at early morn
Old Franz, the mayor of the village, stands.
A shepherd youth draws quickly near,
"Good master Franz, if you know it, say,
What sound is that in the east I hear,
Like thunder, hollow, and far away!"

"God keep it far from our village, boy!
That sound, nigh sixty years ago,
Made me and mine from our dwelling fly
To the wintry woods and the drifting snow.
It made my grandsire rise and flee
From ripened fields in the harvest days,
And pause on the mountain-side to see
His village and land in one wide blaze.

"Thus, through our luckless generations,
Have armies burst on the land like waves,
And left behind but their desolations,
The ruined homes, and the battle-graves.
It was now for a statesman's cherished scheme,
And then for a prince's power or pride,
But ever the reckoning read the same,
The cannon roared and the thousands died.

"Oh, storied Rhine, if all the blood
Poured forth on thy fair banks could appear,
Since first there met by thy silvern flood
The Roman sword and the Teuton spear,
That crimson wave should far outflow
Thine own by the summer sun set free
From the hoary heights of the Alpine snow
To the sandy bays of the Northern Sea.

"And now in old Europe's thoughtful days,
Is this what her boasted knowledge brings?
With tomes and teachers in all our ways,
Has the world never a school for kings?
Nor yet for nations, whose praise attends
The statesman's craft and the conqueror's
crime,
Whose skill is taxed and whose science bends
To serve destruction from clime to clime!

"Oh, men whom Nature has made brothers,
In wants and perils, in hopes and fears,
Who at the knees of Christian mothers
Have prayed in your tender, loving years—

Is there no dear remembered truth
Left in your hearts from that better day;
No voice of wisdom, no thought of ruth,
That yet forbids you to waste and slay!

"Must you be still the spoil or sport,
The ready tools or the victims blind,
Of those that in cabinet and court
Sit plotting treason against mankind!
Have your best and your wisest hoped in vain
For the promised time when strife shall
cease,
And nations rest in the glorious reign
Of Him whose name is the Prince of Peace!"

Professional Life in New York.

The number of lawyers in New York is variously estimated from four to seven thousand. It is sometimes said that there is one lawyer to every hundred inhabitants; if so, how can they live? One of the first counsellors of the city said to us, a few days ago, "There are about four thousand lawyers in the city; five hundred of these do all the important business; and the most lucrative cases are confined to fifty of these." If this be true, and there is little reason to doubt it, why do so many students enter the legal profession? The answer given here is, that law requires little capital. No young man can now begin business, as a merchant, unless he is wealthy. A man needs a small fortune to be able to rent one room on Broadway. A young lawyer can make business if he is enterprising and popular in manners. Most business men employ attorneys to make all such papers as country merchants write for themselves. The sale of real estate employs many lawyers in looking up titles and making deeds. Still, it is very difficult for a young practitioner to earn, for some years, more than a meagre support for himself; he cannot enter into family relations. The effect of such a life is patent to all.

The physicians rank next to the lawyers in numbers; but they hardly amount to more than a thousand. They fall more readily into practice than lawyers; still only one in a hundred becomes widely known; very few become rich from their professional income. The ministers are last, but not least, in this enumeration. We do not know the number of churches in New York; but we suppose they cannot exceed four hundred. These are but partially filled on the Sabbath. A few eminent preachers, ten perhaps, have crowded houses; the rest preach to two or three hundred hearers. We have been told that about one in ten of the population attend church. The sabbath is becoming a day of amusement. Citizens visit the park more on that day than on any other. Pleasure and recreation are more earnestly sought, at all times, than spiritual culture. The ministers, therefore, have a hard field of labor; but it is quite as respectable, and, probably, more remunerative, than the professions of law and medicine.

Close Stoves.

Of all the nuisances in the shape of modern economical inventions, one of the most unmitigated, in our opinion, is the dark, mirth-dispelling, jail-resembling, close stove. Doubtless they economize fuel at the expense of health; but we never attempt to infuse vital warmth into our shivering frame by one of these gloomy iron boxes, but we wish these deadly foes to cheerfulness, and their inventors with them, were sunk at the bottom of the Atlantic. If wood were forty dollars a cord instead of eight, or coal fifty dollars a ton instead of ten, we would burn it in an open fireplace. We would rather freeze, even, in view of a generous, blazing, roaring open fire, than undergo

the gradual thaw effected by a cheerless, blue-imparting, suffocating iron stove. True, this invention affords a cheap means of dispelling the cold; but who at evening has not marked the difference between the cheerless warmth of heated iron, and the rich, generous, comfortable, and all-pervading temperature which steals through the frame when the ruddy open fire sends its dancing flames across the snug sitting-room—when the red embers blaze and glow with a tempting spell that charms you to the hearth; when, if there be a friend present, you pour out your whole soul in a flood of unbidden confidence, and only tear yourself away at twelve, "the very witching time o' night," when the clock, with a single quivering peal, startles you from your tranquil and delicious reveries?

We believe there is not a more common source of contamination to the air of our dwellings, school-houses, and churches, than the almost universal use of stoves. Heated iron not only absorbs rapidly the oxygen so necessary to the lungs, but at the same time exhales a deleterious suffocating effluvia. Hence the severe headache to which almost every one is subject who respires the atmosphere in the vicinity of a heated iron stove. When the laws of human posture are reversed, and men stand on their heads instead of their feet, then will air-tight stoves, *et id genus omne*, which now heat the former and cool the latter, answer in a very small degree the purposes for which they were designed. The pain in the brain, which they now almost universally cause, proceeds from the want of a sufficient oxygenation of the blood in the lungs. It is said that a similar effect has been produced on quadrupeds, by causing venous instead of arterial blood to pass into the head. Besides all these formidable objections to the close iron stove, there are the further ones, that it produces, as generally managed, a very uneven temperature, and a much higher degree of heat than is healthful.—*Western Monthly*.

The Moabite Stone.

This curious relic of antiquity was the subject of a paper recently read in the department of Ethnology and Anthropology of the British Association. The author of the paper, Rev. C. D. Guisbert, says that this stone dates back nine hundred years before Christ, and that the inscriptions are more ancient than two-thirds of the Old-Testament books. Out of fifteen Moabite cities mentioned in the Old Testament, the names of eleven are to be found on the stone. From the inscriptions, Dr. Guisbert has arrived at the conclusions that the Moabites had attained a high degree of civilization, and were superior to the Israelites in military ability. He was also of the opinion that our alphabet was derived, through the Greeks and Romans, from the Moabites. He also contended that, at the period indicated by the inscriptions, an organized temple service existed among the Israelites living out of Palestine, and that the service was analogous to that of the Moabites. He also stated that the word "Jehovah" was in common use among the Israelites nine hundred years before Christ, although afterward it was considered too sacred to be named. Dr. Rawlinson, in the discussion that followed, objected to the conclusions of the paper, and attributed to the Phœnicians the merit of the discoveries claimed for the Moabites.

Castles.

Types of architecture have sometimes a curious connection with epochs in history. The castle was essentially the device of the Norman. It has been remarked that it united three func-

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tions generally separated. It was a fortress, a prison, and a domestic dwelling-house—not merely a place where a garrison ate and slept, but a luxurious mansion according to the available luxury of the day. These buildings were thus peculiar to the countries swept by Norman power, or inhabited by kindred populations taking their habits from the Normans. Pasquier tells us that the reason for saying in derision of a boastful fellow that he has a *château en Espagne*, is because there are no chateaus in Espagne. The country was in the hands of the Moors when the Normans were consolidating their influence over the rest of Europe. The date when this influence began in each district, whether by invasion or otherwise, coincides curiously with that of the style of castle-building. England's oldest castles are the round-arched Norman of the Conqueror's period. Those of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, go back no farther than Edward I.—*Blackwood*.

Varieties.

THE Winston (N. C.) *Sentinel* tells of the following two very singular cases of sudden death: "Salathiel Hier, a citizen living in the southern portion of the county, was taken sick, and a few days ago was visited by his neighbor, Alfred Gimble. Mr. Gimble was standing by the bedside, holding him by the hand. He asked him how he was getting along. Hier told him he thought he was going to die. Gimble remarked that we all had to die some time. Almost before the sentence was finished he dropped dead, with Hier's hand clasped in his, nearly pulling him out of bed. Hier was so frightened and excited by the circumstance that he died in a short time."

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was o'er, Shook hands, and were as friendly as before; "Zounds!" said the client, "I would fain know how You can be friends who were such foes just now?" "Thou fool!" said one, "we lawyers, though so keen, Like shears, ne'er cut ourselves, but what's between."

A wealthy bachelor, having had one or two lawsuits for breach of promise, now replies to any young lady who wishes a few minutes' private conversation, "No, you do not, madam. It cuts me to the heart to be compelled to doubt the honorableness of your intentions, but that sort of thing is played out. My rule is imperative, and, if you have any business with me, it must be transacted in the presence of two witnesses!"

Paris is about eight miles in diameter, and the Prussian "target," Notre-Dame, is in the heart of the city, four miles from the nearest fortified wall. The circle of forts without these fortifications are from two to five miles farther off, and the Prussian lines are from five to eight miles from the forts. These facts explain why the besieging army do not bombard Paris, and why Notre-Dame is not so good a target as Strasbourg Cathedral.

Mr. Kirkcub, an English artist and an ardent spiritualist, is in the habit of holding daily intercourse with Dante, who, he informs us, "is a little vain of his personal appearance." His costume was formerly of the orthodox color, but, having been promoted to a higher spiritual rank, he now floats in a garb of blue, rose-color, and green, and is "very well satisfied with the change."

Mexico seems, at last, to have entered on the road of progress. Schools and free libraries are multiplying and improving; reformatory penitentiaries are taking the place of the barbarous old jails; the highways and bridges are greatly bettered; telegraphs are branching all over the country; and there are several important railroad enterprises under way.

James Brabazon Pilkington has been undergoing a series of trials in Ceylon, and been

twice condemned as a raving maniac, on the sole ground that, in a casual quarrel with Sir Hercules Robinson, governor of the island, he shook his fist in that mighty man's face and called him a brute. However, by a vigorous fight, he was at last freed.

A Quaker Indian agent, who has recently visited the Cherokees, Choctaws, and other tribes, gives it as his opinion that the Indian females can be elevated, and adds that "hoop-skirts are more useful in a family than war-whoops."

In 1839 the United States had forty-one miles of railroad. In 1870 the United States had fifty thousand miles of railroad. Ohio has nearly four thousand miles—more than any other State except Pennsylvania and Illinois.

For over thirty years an old gentleman at St. Albans, Vermont, has made a practice of getting out of bed every night at eleven, twelve, two, and four o'clock, to enjoy a comfortable smoke.

A poet asked a friend what he thought of his last production, "An Ode to Sleep." "You have done such justice to the subject that it is impossible to read it without feeling its whole weight," was the reply.

Three of the students at the Troy Academy are sons of Japanese nobles. They were brought there under the auspices of the Dutch Reformed Church, but reserve the privilege of paying their own expenses.

It must have been consoling for sick soldiers on low diet in the military hospitals during the late war to sing, "When this cruel war is over, we shall meat again."

The *Springfield Republican* is of the opinion that in New England the lyceum has had its day, and that people are beginning to conclude they have been lectured enough.

The difference between a bouquet of flowers and the "bouquet" of wine is, that one makes a nosegay, while the other makes a gay nose.

A contemporary proposes the establishment of "training colleges," wherein young women may be taught how to rear infants according to the latest lights of medical and social science.

A convention was held in Oregon lately to devise means for elevating the Indians of the Pacific coast. On the eastern reservations whiskey is found to be very effective.

Politeness is like an air-cushion—there may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

Dr. Doddridge's prescription for the hour—"Forget the steps already trod, and onward urge thy way."

At the battle of Gravelotte a trumpeter was killed by a ball which went in at the mouth of his instrument.

In a bookseller's catalogue appears the following article: "Memoirs of Charles I., with a head capitably executed."

Several of the large Australian establishments are said each to can one thousand sheep daily.

One-sixth of the female population of England work out-of-doors.

General Trochu is said to be descended from Racine.

There are seventy-four thousand doctors in the United States.

In Colorado there are many men of many mines.

A bad place to get out at—the elbow.

A bad omen—to owe men money.

A grate nuisance—bad coal.

The Museum.

IN our geological illustrations we now reach the Pliocene period, the third and con-

cluding subdivision of the Tertiary epoch. This period was marked in some parts of Europe by great movements of the terrestrial crust, always due to the same cause, namely, the continual and gradual cooling of the globe. This cooling, during which the outer zone of the fluid mass passed to the solid state, produced irregularities and inequalities in the external surface, sometimes accompanied by fractures through which the semifluid or pasty matter poured itself, leading afterward to the upheaval of mountain-ranges through these gaping chasms. Thus, during the Pliocene period, many mountains and mountain-chains were formed in Europe by basaltic and volcanic eruptions. These upheavals were preceded by sudden and irregular movements of the elastic mass of the soil—by earthquakes, in short. M. Lecoq says: "Arrived, finally, at the last period which preceded our own epoch—the epoch in which the temperate zones were still embellished by tropical forms of vegetation, which were, however, slowly declining, driven out, as it were, by a cooling climate, and by the invasion of more vigorous species—great terrestrial commotions took place: mountains are covered with eternal snow; continents now take their actual forms; but many great lakes, now dried up, still existed; great rivers flowed majestically through smiling countries, whose surface man had not yet come to modify." There is strong presumptive proof that in this period the greater part of the European area, including the Alps and the Apennines, emerged from the deep. In Sicily, Newer-Pliocene rocks, covering nearly half the surface of the island, have been raised from two to three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Fossil shells have been observed at the height of eight thousand feet in the Pyrenees; and, as if to fix the date of upheaval, there are great masses of granite which have penetrated the lias and the chalk. Fossil shells of the period are also found at a height of ten thousand feet in the Alps, at thirteen thousand in the Andes, and at eighteen thousand in the Himalayas.

The terrestrial animals of the Pliocene period present us with a great number of creatures alike remarkable for their proportions and from their structure. The mastodon, which makes its first appearance in the Miocene formation, continues to be found, but becomes extinct apparently before we reach the upper beds. Other mammals present themselves of genera totally unknown till now; some of them, such as the hippopotamus, the camel, the horse, the ox, and the deer, surviving to the present age. The fossil horse, of all animals, is perhaps that which presents the greatest resemblance to existing individuals; but it was small, not exceeding the ass in size.

The rhinoceros, which made its appearance in the preceding period, appears in great numbers during this epoch. Of all fossil ruminants, perhaps the largest, and certainly not the least curious, is the Sivatherium, whose remains have been found in India, in the Sewalik Hills, one of the spurs of the Himalayas. Its name is taken from that of Siva, the Indian deity worshipped in that part of India. It was about the size of the elephant; it belonged to the deer tribe, and was probably the most gigantic species that ever existed. It somewhat resembled the existing elk, but was much larger and more massive. The head presented an arrangement which has not been observed in any other animal known; it carried four horns, two rising above the forehead in broad tines, and the two others, of larger size, projected forward from above the eyes. These four horns were very divergent, and calculated to give this colossal stag a very strange aspect.

The birds of this period were very numerous, and of many species which still exist—such as vultures, eagles, gulls, swallows, pheasants, etc. The dolphin appears among the marine animals, and remains of the whale are found differing very little from those now living.



Illustrations of Geology.—Ideal Landscape of the Pliocene Period.

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HARVEY FISK.

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No. 5 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, Jan. 2, 1871.

The subjoined table will show the gross earnings and operating expenses of the main line of the CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD (SALT LAKE TO SAN FRANCISCO), and the number of miles operated in each year, from the commencement to the present time:

Miles Operated.	Gross Earnings.	Operating Expenses.
1865..... 31 to 36	\$301,941.98	\$121,669.53
1866..... 36 to 94	864,917.57	200,710.61
1867..... 94 to 137	1,470,653.50	330,913.33
1868..... 137 to 468	2,300,767.17	843,066.54
1869..... 468 to 742	5,670,822.25	2,993,523.19
1870..... 742 to 900	7,920,710.98	4,060,564.95
Total.....	\$18,629,813.39	\$8,590,548.15

The following will show the aggregate net earnings, interest liabilities, and surplus earnings for the same period:

Net Earnings.	Interest on Outstanding Bonded Debt.	Surplus of Net Earnings over Interest.
\$10,079,205	\$4,184,221	\$5,895,042

From the foregoing tables it will be seen that the Central Pacific Railroad has earned, in six years, more than \$10,000,000 net over operating expenses, and nearly \$6,000,000 over operating expenses and interest on its bonds; while, during four years and a half of that time, the road was under construction, without through business, and, for the first three years, with less than 100 miles in operation.

Of the earnings for 1870, at least 65 per cent. was from local business. The security of the principal, and the assurance of regular and prompt payment of interest, which are afforded in the valuable property and immense revenue of the road, render the Central Pacific bonds as safe and reliable an investment as can be made. They are duly quoted on the regular call of the New York Stock Exchange, and of several of the most important Stock Exchanges of Europe, and can be as readily sold at quoted market price as the bonds of the United States Government. We buy and sell Government Bonds, Gold, etc., make collections, receive deposits, allow interest thereon, and do a general Banking business.

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RALPH THE HEIR.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

[“RALPH THE HEIR,” SUPPLEMENT NO. XV.; CONTINUED FROM SUPPLEMENT ACCOMPANYING JOURNAL OF JANUARY 21.]



A Meeting in the Conservative Interest.—Chapter XXXIX.

CHAPTER XLII.

NOT BROKEN-HEARTED.

CHRISTMAS had come and gone at Newton Priory, and the late squire's son had left the place—protesting as he did so that he left it forever. To him also life in that particular spot of earth was impossible, unless he could live there as lord and master of all. Everybody throughout that and neighboring parishes treated him not only with kindness, but with the warmest affection. The gentry, the farmers, and the laborers, all men who had known him in the hunting-field, in markets, on the bench, or at church, men, women, and children, joined together in forming plans by means of which he could remain at Newton. The young squire asked him to make the house his home, at any rate for the hunting-season. The parson offered half the parsonage. His friend Morris, who was a bachelor, suggested a joint home and joint stables between them. But it was all of no avail. Had it not been for the success which had so nearly crowned the late squire's efforts during the last six months, it might have been that his friends should have prevailed

with him. But he had been too near being the master to be able to live at Newton in any other capacity. The tenants had been told that they were to be his tenants. The servants had been told that they were to be his servants. During a few short weeks, he had almost been master, so absolute had been the determination of the old squire to show to all around him that his son, in spite of the blot upon the young man's birth, was now the heir in all things, and possessed of every privilege which would attach itself to an elder son. He himself while his father lived had taken these things calmly, had shown no elation, had even striven to moderate the vehemence of his father's efforts on his behalf; but not the less had he been conscious of the value of what was being done for him. To be the promised future owner of the acres on which he had lived, of the coverts through which he had ridden, of every tree and bank which he had known from his boyhood, had been to him a source of gratified pride not the less strong because he had concealed it. The disappointment did hit him sorely. His dreams had been of Parliament, of power in the county, of pride of place, and popularity. He now found that

they were to be no more than dreams—but with this additional sorrow, that all around him knew that they had been dreamed. No—he could not stay at Newton even for the sake of living with friends who loved him so dearly. He said little or nothing of this to any one. Not even to Gregory Newton or to his friend Morris did he tell much of his feeling. He was not proud of his dreamings, and it seemed to himself that his punishment was just. Nor could he speak to either of them or to any man of his past ambition, or of what hopes might remain to him in reference to Mary Bonner. The young squire had gone forth with the express purpose of wooing her, had declared his purpose of doing so, and had returned to Newton at any rate without any ready tale of triumph on his tongue. What had been his fortune the rival would not ask; and while the two remained together at the priory no further word was spoken of Mary Bonner. He, Ralph the dispossessed one, while he believed himself to be the heir, had intended to bring her home as a fitting queen to share his throne. It might be that she would consent to be his without a throne to share; but in thinking of her he could not but remember what his ambition had been,

and he could hardly bring himself now to offer to her that which was comparatively so little worth the having. To suppose that she should already "be fond of him," should already long for him as he longed for her, was contrary to his nature. Hitherto when he had been in her presence, he had stood there as a man whose position in life was almost contemptible; and though it would be unjust to him to say that he had hoped to win her by his acres, still he had felt that his father's success on his behalf might justify him in that which would otherwise be unjustifiable. For the present, however, he could take no steps in that direction. He could only suggest to himself what had already been her answer, or what at some future time might be the answer she would make to his rival. He had lost a father between whom and himself there had existed ties, not only of tender love, but of perfect friendship, and for a while he must bewail his loss. That he could not bewail his lost father without thinking of his lost property, and of the bride that had never been won, was an agony to his soul.

He had found a farm down in Norfolk, near to Swaffham, which he could take for twelve months, with the option of purchase at the expiration of that time, and thither he betook himself. There were about four hundred acres, and the place was within his means. He did not think it likely that Mary Bonner would choose to come and live upon a Norfolk farm; and yet what other work in life was there for which he was fit? Early in January he went down to Beamingham Hall, as the place was called, and there we will leave him for the present, consoling himself with oil-cake, and endeavoring to take a pride in a long row of stall-fed cattle.

At this time the two brothers were living at Newton Priory. Ralph the heir had bought some of his uncle's horses, and had commenced hunting with the bounds around him; though he had not as yet withdrawn his stud from the Moonbeam. He was not altogether at his ease, as he had before the end of February received three or four letters from Neeft, all of them dictated by Waddle, in which his conduct was painted not in the most flattering colors. Neeft's money had been repaid, but Neeft would not understand that the young heir's obligations to him had by any means been acquitted by that very ordinary process. He had risked his money when payment was very doubtful, and now he intended to have something beyond cash in return for all that he had done. "There are debts of honor which a real gentleman feels himself more bound to pay than any bills," Waddle had written. And to such dogmatic teachings as these Neeft would always add something out of his own head. "There ain't nobody who shan't know all about it, unless you're on the square again." Ralph had written one reply since he had been at Newton, in which he explained at some length that it was impossible that he should renew his addresses to a young lady who had twice rejected them, and who had assured him that she did not love him. He professed the

greatest respect for Miss Neeft, a respect which had, if possible, been heightened by her behavior in this matter—but it must now be understood that the whole affair was at an end. Neeft would not understand this, but Neeft's further letters, which had not been unfrequent, were left unanswered. Ralph had now told the whole story to his brother, and had written his one reply from Newton in conformity with his brother's advice. After that they both thought that no further rejoinder could be of any service.

The parsonage was for the time deserted, Gregory having for the present consented to share his brother's house. In spite of that little thorn in the flesh which Neeft was, Ralph was able to enjoy his life very thoroughly. He went on with all the improvements about the place which the squire had commenced, and was active in making acquaintance with every one who lived upon his land. He was not without good instincts, and understood thoroughly that respectability had many more attractions than a character for evil living. He was, too, easily amenable to influence from those around him; and, under Gregory's auspices, was constant at his parish church. He told himself at once that he had many duties to perform, and he attempted to perform them. He did not ask Lieutenant Cox or Captain Fooks to the Priory, and quite prepared himself for the character of Henry V. in miniature, as he walked about his park, and rode about his farms, and talked with the wealthier farmers on hunting mornings. He had a full conception of his own dignity, and some not altogether inaccurate idea of the manner in which it would become him to sustain it. He was, perhaps, a little too self-conscious, and overinclined to suppose that people were regarding his conduct because he was Newton of Newton—Newton of Newton with no blot on his shield, by right of his birth, and subject to no man's reproach.

He had failed grievously in one matter on which he had set his heart; but as to that he was, as the reader knows, resolved to try again. He had declared his passion to the other Ralph, but his rival had not made the confidence mutual. But hitherto he had said nothing on the subject to his brother. He had put it by, as it were, out of his mind for a while, resolving that it should not trouble him immediately, in the middle of his new joys. It was a thing that would keep—a thing, at any rate, that need not overshadow him night and morning. When Neeft continued to disturb him with threats of publicity in regard to Polly's wrongs, he did tell himself that in no way could he so effectually quiet Mr. Neeft as by marrying somebody else, and that he would, at some very early date, have recourse to this measure; but, in the mean time, he would enjoy himself without letting his unrequited passion lie too heavily as a burden on his heart. So he ate and drank, and rode and prayed, and sat with his brother magistrates on the bench, and never ceased to think of his good fortune, in

that he had escaped from the troubles of his youth, unscathed and undegraded.

Then there came a further letter from Mr. Neeft, from which there arose some increase of confidence among the brothers. There was nothing special in this letter. These letters, indeed, were very like to each other, and, as had now come to be observed, were always received on a Tuesday morning. It was manifest to them that Neeft spent the leisure hours of his Sundays in meditating upon the hardness of his position; and that, as every Monday morning came, he caused a new letter to be written. On this particular Tuesday, Ralph had left home before the post had come, and did not get the breeches-maker's epistle till his return from hunting. He chucked it across the table to Gregory when he came down to dinner, and the parson read it. There was no new attack in it, and, as the servant was in the room, nothing was then said about it. But after dinner the subject was discussed.

"I wish I knew how to stop the fellow's mouth," said the elder brother.

"I think I should get Carey to see him," suggested Gregory. "He would understand a lawyer when he was told that nothing could come of it but trouble to himself and his daughter."

"She has no hand in it, you know."

"But it must injure her."

"One would think so. But she is a girl whom nothing can injure. You can't imagine how good and how great she is—great in her way, that is. She is as steady as a rock, and nobody who knows her will ever imagine her to be a party to her father's folly. She may pick and choose a husband any day she pleases. And the men about her won't mind this kind of thing as we should. No doubt all their friends joke him about it, but no one will think of blaming Polly."

"It can't do her any good," said Gregory.

"It cannot do her any harm. She has a strength of her own that even her father can't lessen."

"All the same, I wish there were an end of it."

"So do I, for my own sake," said Ralph. As he spoke he filled his glass, and passed the bottle, and then was silent for a few moments. "Neeft did help me," he continued, "and I don't want to speak against him; but he is the most pig-headed old fool that ever existed. Nothing will stop him but Polly's marriage, or mine."

"I suppose you will marry soon now. You ought to be married," said Gregory, in a melancholy tone, in which was told something of the disappointment of his own passion.

"Well—yes. I believe I might as well tell you a little secret, Greg."

"I suppose I can guess it," said Gregory, with still a deeper sound of woe.

"I don't think you can. It is quite possible you may, however. You know Mary Bonner—don't you?"

The cloud upon the parson's brow was at once lightened. "No," said he. "I have heard of her, of course."

"You have never seen Mary Bonner?"

"I have not been up in town since she came. What should take me up? And if I were there, I doubt whether I should go out to Fulham. What is the use of going?" But still, though he spoke thus, there was something less of melancholy in his voice than when he had first spoken. Ralph did not immediately go on with his story, and his brother now asked a question. "But what of Mary Bonner? Is she to be the future mistress of the Priory?"

"God only knows."

"But you mean to ask her?"

"I have asked her."

"And you are engaged?"

"By no means. I wish I were. You haven't seen her, but I suppose you have heard of her?"

"Ralph spoke of her—and told me that she was very lovely."

"Upon my word, I don't think that even in a picture I ever saw any thing approaching to her beauty. You've seen that thing at Dresden. She is more like that than any thing I know. She seems almost too grand for a fellow to speak to, and yet she looks as if she didn't know it. I don't think she does know it." Gregory said not a word, but looked at his brother, listening. "But, by George! there's a dignity about her, a sort of self-possession, a kind of *noli me tangere*, you understand, which makes a man almost afraid to come near her. She hasn't sixpence in the world."

"That needn't signify to you now."

"Not in the least. I only just mention it to explain. And her father was nobody in particular—some old general who used to wear a cocked hat and keep the niggers down out in one of the colonies. She herself talked of coming home here to be a governess—by Jove! yes, a governess. Well, to look at her, you'd think she was born a countess in her own right."

"Is she so proud?"

"No—it's not that. I don't know what it is. It's the way her head is put on. Upon my word, to see her turn her neck is the grandest thing in the world. I never saw any thing like it. I don't know that she's proud by nature—though she has got a dash of that too. Don't you know there are some horses show their breeding at a glance? I don't suppose they feel it themselves; but there it is on them, like the Hall-mark on silver. I don't know whether you can understand a man being proud of his wife."

"Indeed I can."

"I don't mean of her personal qualities, but of the outside get up. Some men are proud of their wives' clothes, or their jewels, or their false hair. With Mary nothing of that sort could have any effect; but to see her step, or move her head, or lift her arm, is enough to make a man feel—feel that she beats every other woman in the world by chalks."

"And she is to be mistress here?"

"Indeed she should—to-morrow, if she'd come."

"You did ask her?"

"Yes—I asked her."

"And what did she say?"

"Nothing that I cared to hear. She had just been told all this accursed story about Polly Neeft. I'll never forgive Sir Thomas—never." The reader will be pleased to re-

member that Sir Thomas did not mention Miss Neeft's name, or any of the circumstances of the Neeft contract, to his niece.

"He could hardly have wished to set her against you."

"I don't know; but he must have told her. She threw it in my teeth that I ought to marry Polly."

"Then she did not accept you?"

"By George! no—any thing but that. She is one of those women who, as I fancy, never take a man at the first offer. It isn't that they mean to shilly and shally and make a fuss, but there's a sort of majesty about them which instinctively declines to yield itself. Unconsciously they feel something like offence at the suggestion that a man should think enough of himself to ask for such a possession. They come to it, after a time."

"And she will come to it, after a time?"

"I didn't mean to say that. I don't intend, however, to give it up." Ralph paused in his story, considering whether he would tell his brother what Mary had confessed to him as to her affection for some one else, but he resolved, at last, that he would say nothing of that. He had himself put less of confidence in that assertion than he did in her rebuke with reference to the other young woman to whom she chose to consider that he owed himself. It was his nature to think rather of what absolutely concerned himself, than of what related simply to her. "I shan't give her up. That's all I can say," he continued. "I'm not the sort of fellow to give things up readily." It did occur to Gregory at that moment that his brother had not shown much self-confidence on that question of giving up the property. "I'm pretty constant when I've set my mind on a thing. I'm not going to let any woman break my heart for me, but I shall stick to it."

He was not going to let any woman break his heart for him! Gregory, as he heard this, knew that his brother regarded him as a man whose heart was broken, and he could not help asking himself whether or not it was good for a man that he should be able to suffer as he suffered, because a woman was fair and yet not fair for him. That his own heart was broken—broken after the fashion of which his brother was speaking—he was driven to confess to himself. It was not that he should die, or that his existence would be one long continued hour of misery to him. He could eat and drink, and do his duty and enjoy his life. And yet his heart was broken. He could not piece it so that it should be fit for any other woman. He could not teach himself not to long for that one woman who would not love him. The romance of his life had formed itself there, and there it must remain. In all his solitary walks it was of her that he still thought. Of all the bright castles in the air which he still continued to build, she was ever the mistress. And yet he knew that she would never make him happy. He had absolutely resolved that he would not torment her by another request. But he gave himself no praise for his constancy, looking on himself as being somewhat weak in that he could not overcome his longing. When Ralph declared that he would not break his heart, but that, nevertheless, he would stick to the girl, Gregory envied him, not doubting of his success, and believing that it was to men of this calibre that success in love is generally given. "I hope with all my heart that you may win her," he said.

"I must run my chance like another. There's no *Veni, vidi, vici*, about it, I can tell you; nor is it likely that there should be with such a girl as Mary Bonner. Fill your glass, old fellow. We needn't sit mumchance because we're thinking of our loves."

"I had thought—" began Gregory very slowly.

"What did you think?"

"I had thought once that you were thinking of—Clarissa."

"What put that into your head?"

"If you had I should never have said a word, nor fancied any wrong. Of course she'll marry some one. And I don't know why I should ever wish that it should not be you."

"But what made you think of it?"

"Well—I did. It was just a word that Patience said in one of her letters."

"What sort of word?" asked Ralph, with much interest.

"It was nothing, you know. I just misunderstood her. When one is always thinking of a thing, every thing turns itself that way. I got it into my head that she meant to hint to me that as you and Clara were fond of each other, I ought to forget it all. I made up my mind that I would—but it is so much easier to make up one's mind than to do it." There came a tear in each eye as he spoke, and he turned his face toward the fire that his brother might not see them. And there they remained hot and oppressive, because he would not raise his hand to rub them away.

"I wonder what it was she said," asked Ralph.

"Oh, nothing. Don't you know how a fellow has fancies?"

"There wasn't any thing in it," said Ralph.

"Oh; of course not."

"Patience might have imagined it," said Ralph. "That's just like such a sister as Patience."

"She's the best woman that ever lived," said Gregory.

"As good as gold," said Ralph. "I don't think, however, I shall very soon forgive Sir Thomas."

"I don't mind saying now that I am glad it is so," said Gregory; "though as regards Clara that seems to be cruel. But I don't think I could have come much here had she become your wife."

"Nothing shall ever separate us, Greg."

"I hope not—but I don't know whether I could have done it. I almost think that I oughtn't to live where I should see her; and I did fear it at one time."

"She'll come to the parsonage yet, old fellow, if you'll stick to her," said Ralph.

"Never," said Gregory. Then that conversation was over.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ONCE MORE.

At the end of February Ralph declared his purpose of returning to the Moonbeam, for the rest of the hunting-season. "I'm not going to be such an ass," he said to his brother, "as to keep two sets of horses going. I bought my uncle's because it seemed to suit just at the time; and there are the others at Horsball's, because I've not had time to settle down yet. I'll go over for March, and take a couple with me; and, at the end of it, I'll get rid of those I don't like. Then that'll be the end of the Moonbeam, as far as I am concerned." So he prepared to start, and on the evening before he went his brother declared that he would go as far as London with him. "That's all right," said Ralph, "but what's taking you up now?" The parson said that he wanted to get a few things, and to have his hair cut. He shouldn't stay above one night. Ralph asked no more questions, and the two brothers went up to London together.

We fear that Patience Underwood may not have been in all respects a discreet preserver of her sister's secrets. But then there is nothing more difficult of attainment than discretion in the preservation of such mysteries. To keep a friend's secret well the

keeper of it should be firmly resolved to act upon it in no way—not even for the advantage of the owner of it. If it be confided to you as a secret that your friend is about to make his maiden speech in the House, you should not even invite your acquaintances to be in their places—not if secrecy be the first object. In all things the knowledge should be to you as though you had it not. Great love is hardly capable of such secrecy as this. In the fulness of her love Patience had allowed her father to learn the secret of poor Clary's heart; and in the fulness of her love she had endeavored to make things smooth at Newton. She had not told the young clergyman that Clarissa had given to his brother that which she could not give to him; but, meaning to do a morsel of service to both of them, if that might be possible, she had said a word or two, with what effect the reader will have seen from the conversation given in the last chapter.

She'll come to the parsonage yet, Ralph had said; and Gregory in one word had implied his assured conviction that any such coming was a thing not to be hoped for—an event not even to be regarded as possible. Nevertheless, he made up his mind that he would go up to London—to have his hair cut. In so making up his mind he did not for a moment believe that it could be of any use to him. He was not quite sure that when in London he would go to Popham Villa. He was quite sure that if he did go to Popham Villa he would make no further offer to Clarissa. He knew that his journey was foolish, simply the result of an uneasy, restless spirit—that it would be better for him to remain in his parish and move about among the old women and bedridden men; but still he went. He would dine at his club, he said, and perhaps he might go down to Fulham on the following morning. And so the brothers parted. Ralph, as a man of property, with many weighty matters on hand, had, of course, much to do. He desired to inspect some agricultural implements, and a new carriage—he had ever so many things to say to Carey, the lawyer, and wanted to order new harnesses for the horses. So he went to his club, and played whist all the afternoon.

Gregory, as soon as he had secured a bed at a quiet inn, walked off to Southampton Buildings. From the direct manner in which this was done, it might have been argued that he had come up to London with the purpose of seeing Sir Thomas; but it was not so. He turned his steps toward the place where Clary's father was generally to be found, because he knew not what else to do. As he went he told himself that he might as well leave it alone; but still he went. Stemm at once told him, with a candor that was almost marvellous, that Sir Thomas was out of town. The hearing of the petition was going on at Percycross, and Sir Thomas was there, as a matter of course. Stemm seemed to think it rather odd that an educated man, such as was the Rev. Gregory Newton, should have been unaware that the petition against the late election at Percycross was being carried on at this moment. "We've got Sergeant Burnaby, and little Mr. Joram down, to make a fight of it," said Mr. Stemm; "but, as far as I can learn, they might just as well have remained up in town. It's only sending good money after bad." The young parson hardly expressed that interest in the matter which Stemm had expected, but turned away, thinking whether he had not better have his hair cut at once, and then go home.

But he did go to Popham Villa on the same afternoon, and—such was his fortune—he found Clarissa alone. Since her father had seen her in bed, and spoken to her of what he had called the folly of her love, she had not

again given herself up to the life of a sick-room. She dressed herself and came down to breakfast, of a morning, and then would sit with a needle in her hand till she took her book, and then with a book till she took her needle. She tried to work, and tried to read, and perhaps she did accomplish a little of each. And then, when Patience would tell her that exercise was necessary, she would put on her hat and creep out among the paths. She did make some kind of effort to get over the evil that had come upon her; but still no one could watch her and not know that she was a wounded deer. "Miss Clarissa is at home," said the servant, who well knew that the young clergyman was one of the rejected suitors. There had been hardly a secret in the house in reference to Gregory Newton's love. The two other young ladies, the girl said, had gone to London, but would be home to dinner. Then, with a beating heart, Gregory was ushered into the drawing-room. Clarissa was sitting near the window, with a novel in her lap, having placed herself there with the view of getting what was left of the light of the early spring evening; but she had not read a word for the last quarter of an hour. She was thinking of that word scoundrel, with which her father had spoken of the man she loved. Could it be that he was in truth so bad as that? And, if it were true, would she not take him, scoundrel as he was, if he would come to her? He might be a—scoundrel in that one thing, on that one occasion, and yet be good to her. He might repent his scoundrelism, and she certainly would forgive it. Of one thing she was quite sure—he had not looked like a scoundrel when he had given her that assurance on the lawn! And so she thought of young men in general. It was very easy to call a young man a scoundrel, and yet to forgive him all his iniquities when it suited to do so. Young men might get in debt, and gamble, and make love wherever they pleased, and all at once—and yet be forgiven. All these things were very bad. It might be just to call a man a scoundrel because he could not pay his debts, or because he made bets about horses. Young men did a great many things which would be horrid indeed were a girl to do them. Then one papa would call such a man a scoundrel, because he was not wanted to come to the house; while another papa would make him welcome, and give him the best of every thing. Ralph Newton might be a scoundrel; but if so—as Clarissa thought—there were a great many good-looking scoundrels about in the world, as to whom their scoundrelism did very little to injure them in the esteem of all their friends. It was thus that Clarissa was thinking over her own affairs when Gregory Newton was shown into the room.

The greeting on both sides was at first formal and almost cold. Clary had given a little start of surprise, and had then subsided into a most demure mode of answering questions. Yes; papa was at Percycross. She did not know when he was expected back. Mary and Patience were in London. Yes—she was at home all alone. No; she had not seen Ralph since his uncle's death. The question which elicited this answer had been asked without any design, and Clary endeavored to make her reply without emotion. If she displayed any, Gregory, who had his own affairs upon his mind, did not see it. No—they had not seen the other Mr. Newton as he passed through town. They had all understood that he had been very much disturbed by his father's horrible accident and death. Then Gregory paused in his questions, and Clarissa expressed a hope that there might be no more hunting in the world.

It was very hard work, this conversation,

and Gregory was beginning to think that he had done no good by coming, when on a sudden he struck a chord from whence came a sound of music. "Ralph and I have been living together at the Priory," he said.

"Oh—indeed; yes—I think I heard Patience say that you were at the Priory."

"I suppose I shall not be telling any secret to you in talking about him and your cousin Mary?"

Clarissa felt that she was blushing up to her brow, but she made a great effort to compose herself. "Oh, no," she said, "we all know of it."

"I hope he may be successful," said Gregory.

"I do not know. I cannot tell."

"I never knew a man more thoroughly in love than he is."

"I don't believe it," said Clarissa.

"Not believe it! Indeed you may, Clary. I have never seen her, but from what he says of her I suppose her to be most beautiful."

"She is—very beautiful." This was said with a strong emphasis.

"And why should you not believe it?"

"It will not be of the slightest use, Mr. Newton; and you may tell him so. Though I suppose it is impossible to make a man believe that."

"Are we both so unfortunate?" he asked.

The poor girl with her wounded love, and every feeling sore within her, had not intended to say anything that should be cruel or injurious to Gregory himself, and it was not till the words were out of her mouth that she herself perceived their effect. "Oh, Mr. Newton, I was only thinking of him," she said, innocently. "I only meant that Ralph is one of those who always think they are to have every thing they want."

"I am not one of those, Clarissa. And yet I am one who seem never to be tired of asking for that which is not to be given to me. I said to myself when last I went from here that I would never ask again—that I would never trouble you any more." She was sitting with the book in her hand, looking out into the gloom, and now she made no attempt to answer him. "And yet you see here I am," he continued. She was still silent, and her head was still turned away from him; but he could see that tears were streaming down her cheeks. "I have not the power not to come to you while yet there is a chance," he said. "I can live and work without you, but I can have no life of my own. When I first saw you I made a picture to myself of what my life might be, and I cannot get that moved from before my eyes. I am sorry, however, that my coming should make you weep."

"Oh, Mr. Newton, I am so wretched," she said, turning round sharply upon him. For a moment she had thought that she would tell him every thing, and then she checked herself, and remembered how ill-placed such a confidence would be.

"What should make you wretched, dearest?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell. I sometimes think the world is bad altogether, and that I had better die. People are so cruel and so hard, and things are so wrong. But you may tell your brother that he need not think of my cousin Mary. Nothing ever would move her. H—sh—! Here they are, Do not say that I was crying."

He was introduced to the beauty, and, as the lights came, Clarissa escaped. Yes—she was indeed most lovely; but, as he looked on her, Gregory felt that he agreed with Clarissa that nothing on earth would move her. He remained there for another half-hour; but Clarissa did not return, and then he went back to London.

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